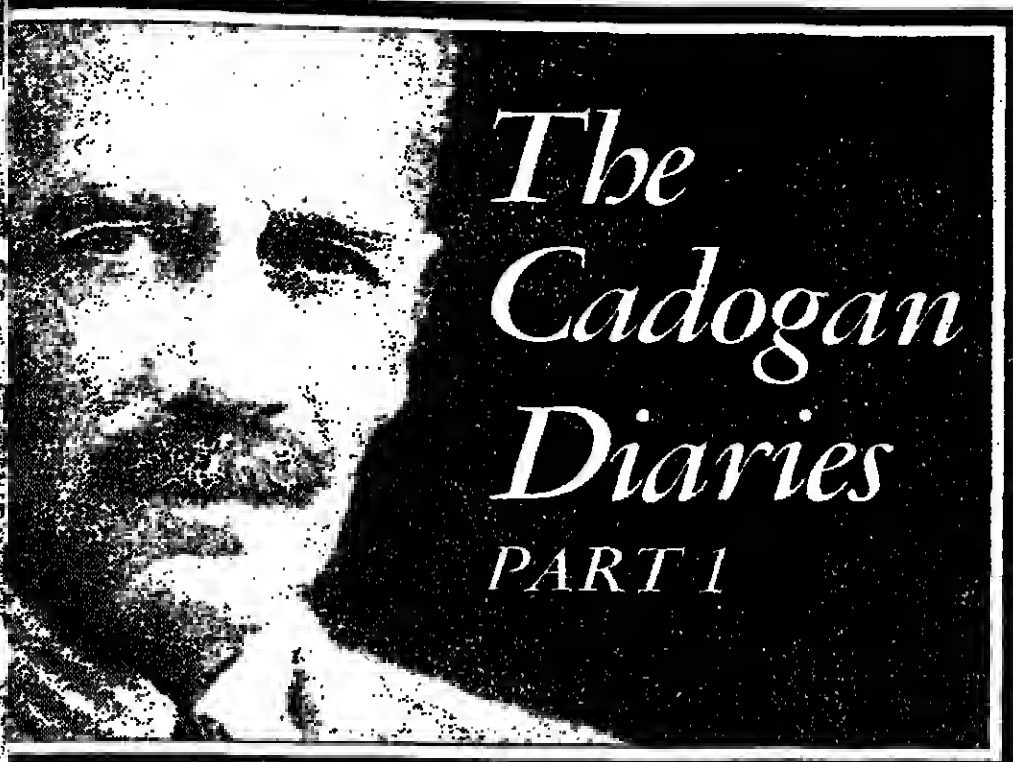


Le digestif original...  
**CHARTREUSE**

SUNDAY TIMES  
**weekly review**  
OCTOBER 3 1971

**LEGGE Locks**



*The*  
**Cadogan Diaries**  
PART 1

No modern diplomat has occupied a position at the centre of British affairs comparable to that of Sir Alexander Cadogan. As permanent head of the Foreign Office from 1938 to 1946 he had a unique involvement in wartime government. His close relationship with Churchill (whose accession to leadership he at first disapproved) bore echoes of that famous partnership of their illustrious ancestors, the Duke of Marlborough and his staff officer, the first Earl of Cadogan.

Throughout the wartime period, Alec Cadogan kept a diary. It is not only an important historical document, but contains remarkably frank and acerbic views of the men who shaped the conduct of the war. Now, three years after Cadogan's death, the diary is to be published for the first time. These are extracts from it.



In the week war broke out, Cadogan (back to camera) meets Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary (right), Neville Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, Mrs Chamberlain and Lady Halifax in St James's Park

**INTRIGUE AND ENVY  
AS EUROPE FALLS**

Tuesday, 8 May, 1940  
Yesterday's debate went badly, I don't think it's fatal. In my Chamberlain the best in sight. The only alternative is Halifax and that would be the end of him. Dined at home worked. What a life! P.M. and well and quite cheerful morning, but I gather debate weaken Government. But we are going to put in its Winston useless. Then? See? Sinclair? Sam Hoare!

Wednesday, 9 May  
Government pressed to a Divisive night and majority drop to 81. So this is serious! I say - tulips almost at best and everything smiling except human affairs. I went to the Foreign Office. Halifax went off to see P.M. at 10.15. Back about 11. He gloomy, thinks P.M. will go to take over. Cabinet at 11.45. But we had to about, as that blasted H. of C. sitting and wrangling and ignoring... Halifax went over to Winston. This is his unit: P.M. said main thing was national unity: Labour must be in to the Government. If wouldn't come in under his leadership, he was quite ready resign. Agreed to talk to our leaders and Attlee and Greenwood came. Then were (a) will you come in under

present leadership, (b) under any other? They must consult Party. Answer to (a) almost certainly "No." to (b) probably "yes." So after they had gone, P.M., Winston and I discussed possibilities. P.M. said I was the man mentioned as the most acceptable. I said it would be hopeless position. If I was not in charge of the war (operations) and if I didn't lead in the House, I should be a cypher. I thought Winston was a better choice. Winston did not demur. Was very kind and polite but showed that he thought this right solution. Chief Whip and others think feeling in the House has been veering towards him. If Chamberlain remains—as he is ready to do—his advice and judgment would steady Winston.

I said I personally welcomed this, as it kept Halifax with us [at Foreign Office]. (I think he is not the stuff of which a P.M. is made in such a crisis.) We should lose a good Secretary of State and get a doubtful P.M. But I'm not at all sure of Churchill. However, there it is—waiting on Labour decision. It would not be—or might not be—a bad solution. But how beastly the H. of C. is! With what delight they jump on a good man when he is down! I gather that this morning there was rather a "morning after" feeling in the House. But too late! The trade of politics is indeed a dirty one. I don't think they'll

get a better P.M. than Neville. But all their beastly little envies and jealousies and susceptibilities have to be "appeased." If only it means the disappearance of Sam Hoare, all this will not have been in vain!

Friday, 10 May  
Woken up at 5.40 am with news of invasion of Holland and Belgium... Cabinet at 8. Germans have relieved us of a number of embarrassing questions by invading both countries. Cabinet over about 9... Labour refuse to serve under Neville, who resigns. Winston to form Government... Confused news, which seems to show Germans not having it all their own way—except at Rotterdam.

Saturday, 11 May  
Thank God, Halifax continues at the Foreign Office. Other Cabinet changes none too good. I'm afraid Winston will build up a "Garden City" at No. 10, of the most awful people—including Brendan Bracken! Most critical days. And here we are Cabinet-making!

Cadogan wrote at once to Chamberlain... to say how deeply I have sympathised with you in all your difficulties, and how glad I am to think that the country, by your generous decision, will still benefit by your services.

During these troubled years, I have been privileged to watch your conduct of affairs from close quarters, and there is no one of your numberless followers and admirers who would pay you a more wholehearted tribute than I should.

And I shall remember to the end of my days the many personal kindnesses you showed me.

Chamberlain replied that he had been greatly touched by this generous letter.

Sunday, 12 May  
Halifax came in about 12.30... Sam Hoare now to go to Madrid! I suppose they want him safely out of the country!

Monday, 13 May  
Masses of telegrams. Things look pretty black. Holland cracking and Belgium not too good. Halifax yesterday offered Madrid to Sam Hoare who refused—will take nothing short of India! Nothing but bad news all day. Cabinet at 6.30.

Plus ça change! And do Greenwood, Attlee, Sinclair and Alexander strengthen the party so? Awful discussion about bombing the Ruhr. Decided (I think rightly) to put it off for four days. Cartier [Belgian Ambassador] about 11 to protest against British troops going through Brussels, contrary to "agreement." Said I was unaware of any agreement. Anyhow the essential was to get, by the best way, on to the best defensive line to protect his beastly country. But rang up CIGS's ADC "pour acquit de conscience."

Tuesday, 14 May  
Lovely morning—warm sun. Cabinet 11.30. Situation still very obscure. CIGS thinks big attack coming in West. Winston still doubtful... Cabinet at 7—on Reynaud's message to Winston, showing that Germans have broken through at Sedan, and imploring air raid, which we can't give, in great measure. Very gloomy and unpleasant meeting—worst I have ever attended in that beastly room. Things never looked blacker. But they've looked that before.

Churchill telegraphed to Roosevelt: "I trust you realise, Mr President, that the voice and force of the United States may count for nothing

if they are withheld too long. You may have a completely subjugated, Nazi-occupied Europe established with astonishing swiftness, and the weight may be more than we can bear. All I ask now is that you should proclaim non-belligerency, which would mean that you would help us with everything short of actually engaging armed forces. Immediate needs are, first of all, the loan of forty or fifty of your older destroyers to bridge the gap between what we have now and the large new construction we put in hand at the beginning of the war.

We want several hundred of the latest types of aircraft... anti-aircraft equipment and ammunition to purchase still in the USA... I am looking to you to keep the Japanese quiet in the Pacific, using Singapore in any way convenient."

The President made a prompt reply, probably as helpful as it could be at the time. On the two vital points, however, he could offer nothing very comforting. The loan of destroyers would require the sanction of Congress, which he was reluctant to seek at that moment. As for Japan, the US Fleet would remain at Pearl Harbour for the time being.

Thursday, 16 May  
The blackest days I have ever lived through. But there are doubtless worse to come. Cabinet in morning at which we received blacker and blacker news from France. Finally [General] Dill explained plans for withdrawal in Belgium. This infuriated Winston, who said we couldn't agree to that, which could jeopardise our whole army. Sprang up and said he would go to France—it was ridiculous to think that France could be conquered by 120 tanks (but it may be!). He said he would leave after lunch, and asked Chamberlain to "mind the shop!"... Awful afternoon... 6. meeting of Committee presided by Chamberlain about what to do in Mediterranean if Italy comes into war. Not much! Dined at home. Cabinet announced for 10. Went there and met Halifax and John Anderson [Home Secretary]. Cabinet put off till 10.30, then 11. Waiting for telegram from Churchill in Paris to be deciphered. Cabinet, under Chamberlain, assembled at 11. Winston's message showed situation desperate and endorsed appeal by French for all the Fighters we can give them. Agreed by midnight to send six squadrons [in addition to the four squadrons which the Cabinet had agreed earlier in the day to despatch].

Friday, 17 May  
Cabinet at 10. Churchill gave account of his trip. French evidently cracking, and situation awful. Nothing much to be done and no decision to be taken. Kennedy [US Ambassador] turned up at 11. Churchill saw him and got from him President's reply to his appeal. I'm quite convinced that Pres[ident] will

How beastly the H of C is... I don't think they'll get a better P.M. than Neville. But all their beastly little envies and jealousies and susceptibilities have to be 'appeased'.... Thank God, Halifax continues at the Foreign Office.

do all he can, but he can't go ahead of his public. And even then, what can they do to affect this battle?... All kinds of worries: these days are dreadful and my knees are beginning to go! Gather French haven't fought at all—simply shattered by air-tank attack. Troops and guns hardly used. Our Staffs living in the days of the Zulu war.

Never did I think one could endure such a nightmare... Very tired. But how these Chiefs of Staff (and the PM) endure—never getting any rest—I can't think. They're wonderful—at least I think Pound [Navy] and Newall [RAF] are. Ironside [Army] I think so stupid as to be impervious to anything.

Weygand rally them? BEF threatened with extinction. Listened to Winston's broadcast. We must fight on, whatever happens. I should count it a privilege to be dead if Hitler rules England. I had not thought I should have to live through such awful days.

Monday, 20 May  
Another glorious day. Only man is vile. Walked with Halifax

continued on next page

continued on next page

**How it works**

How is colour television transmitted? (See page 166 of HOW THINGS WORK.) How is electronic data processing done? (See page 303.) How does "dry cleaning" clean? (See page 407.) Why does a record player play? (See page 314.) How does a simple switch operate? (See page 96.) How does a Polaroid camera produce pictures? (See page 172.) What makes gaspower explode? (See page 445.) What does a nuclear reactor do? (See page 54.) This remarkable book will answer hundreds of your questions, and the ones children ask, about both simple and complex technological concepts... from a ball-point pen to lasers, from the jet engine to ultrasonics.

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**Jane Goodall and the chimps on page 35 today**



## THE CADOGAN DIARIES

continued from preceding page  
and Dorothy [Lady Halifax] through Palace Garden. Halifax wanted to talk about Sam Hoare. I said there was one bright spot—there were lots of Germans and Italians in Madrid and therefore a good chance of Sam Hoare being murdered. Halifax looked pained, but Dorothy agreed heartily.

Cabinet 11.30. Pretty grim. Germans still driving on. See no hope of any counter-stroke. Sam Hoare and Lady Maud fussing around. Walking down the passage to make conversation, I said, "It must be difficult for you, so suddenly, to adapt yourself to living in a new country." She said, "It may be easier than to adapt oneself to living in an old country in new conditions." That's it! The rats leaving the ship. The quicker we get them out of the country the better. But I'd sooner send them to a penal settlement. He'll be the Quisling of England when Germany conquers us and I am dead.

Tuesday, 21 May  
Cabinet at 11.30. Unfortunately Churchill began by saying situation more hopeful. Which resulted in a most awful tale of woe being unfolded. French Command are in complete confusion and helplessness. What a situation! That little blighter Sam Hoare at five. He determined to fly out of this country as soon as he can get a plane. Halifax asked me why he was in such a hurry. I said, "Because he's frightened." Halifax: "You don't really think that?" I: "I certainly do, he's the first rat to leave the ship." And what the hell can he do anyway in Spain? Brute.

A miracle may save us: otherwise we're done.

Wednesday, 22 May  
Cabinet 10.30. Winston had left at dawn for France. Neville in charge. Not much news—mainly because there is no co-ordination and no communications. What there is, is black as black. We put the Guards into Boulogne all

right... Cabinet 7.30. Winston back. Pleased with his talks with Reynaud and Weygand. As regards latter, says he "looks too young to be entrusted with so important a command." Weygand has a plan. Counter-offensive should start tomorrow. But will the French fight? The command seems to have collapsed. CIGS says troops all right. But Dill says they have never fought anywhere, and Ismay seems inclined to agree. Our fellows will probably fight—as it is their only chance of getting out! What an appalling situation! I asked Newall this evening if he'd had a good day. He said his reports weren't all in yet—but so far we had haggard seven. "The sort of stuff one gives away to the b.e.a.s.—no good birds—Heinkels!"

Thursday, 23 May  
The public don't grasp the situation at all. Sam's agreement received—thank heaven. So we can get him out of the country in a few days. Good riddance of v. had rubbish. He wasted a lot of my time. Mosley arrested! Quite right. But there are 1000s of others who ought to be... If Weygand can stage good counter-attack on flank attack in next 24 hours, we may avert complete disaster. But that is all the time he has.

Monday, 26 May  
Cabinet at 9. Reynaud coming over here for lunch. Plain that French are in very bad way. Letter from Spears showing they are talking about capitulating. They say they have 50 Divisions against 150 and insufficient material. Cabinet at 2. Churchill gave account of his conversation with Reynaud at lunch. Reynaud doesn't say that France will capitulate, but all his conversation goes to show that he sees no alternative. Summoned to Admiralty at five. Found a Churchill, Halifax, Neville, Greenwood and Attlee. Discussed situation. Churchill seemed to think we might almost be better off if France did pull out and we could concentrate on defence here. Not sure he's right. He against final appeal, which Reynaud wanted, to Muss. He may be right there. Settled nothing much. Churchill too rambling and romantic and sentimental and temperamental. Old Neville still the best of the lot... A non-stop nightmare. God grant that I can go on without losing faith or nerve. But where to?

After the afternoon Cabinet Halifax asked Churchill to come out into the garden with him. Halifax said to me "I can't work with Winston any longer." I said "Non-sense": his rhodomontades probably bore you as much as they do me, but don't do anything silly under the stress of that." Halifax came to have tea in my room after. Said he had spoken to Winston, who of course had been v. affectionate! I said I hoped he really wouldn't give way to an annoyance to which we were all subject and that, before he did anything, he would consult Neville. He said that of course he would and that, as I knew, he wasn't one to take hasty decisions.

Tuesday, 28 May  
Cabinet 11.30. Dill brought

On 28 May Ciano let Sir Percy Loraine, our Ambassador to Italy, see that Italy would soon enter the war. Afterwards, Halifax wondered whether it might not have been possible to bribe Mussolini; "but I do not think we could ever have offered him enough to tempt him, and Loraine always disliked the idea of offering anything to Ciano. He never felt able to hand him £50,000 on the golf links."

Wednesday, 29 May  
Walked to the Foreign Office—only sane moments I have. Everyone—principally Gladwyn Jebb—wanted me to see 100 people and read 1,000 long papers before 10.30. Can't be done and I reacted. Cabinet 11.30. News unpleasant. We have got off 40,000 men and taking them, at present, at rate of 2,000 an hr. But the end will be awful. A horrible discussion of what instructions to send to Gort. Churchill rather theatrically bulldogged. Opposed by Chamberlain and Halifax and

yielded to a reasonable extent. Fear relations will become rather strained. That is Winston's fault—theatricality. Discussion of what to do with cream-vendors. Drown—the hrutes is what I should like to do....

Thursday, 30 May  
Cabinet 12.30. Churchill produced much better instructions to Gort, ordering him to come away before the end and giving some latitude about final capitulation. Cabinet 5.30 till 8. P.M. off to Paris tomorrow morning. French look like running out and putting blame on us. And he must hearten them and keep them in the fight or we must cut out and fight alone—and cut a good figure too, I hope. V. tired, but how these others—Chiefs of Staff, &c. stand up to it, I can't think.

Friday, 31 May  
P.M. in Paris. Cabinet at 11.30. By noon, we had taken off 164,000 men—a miracle! Lunch at home. Went with Theo (Cadogan's wife) to choose rugs. Just as well to give away Treasury notes, which will be worth nothing, for goods of value!...

Sunday, 2 June  
Cabinet 6.30. French howling for assistance on the Somme. Perhaps we should give them a token, but it's so much down the drain. It won't do any good—it won't prevent the French reviling us. I'd really sooner cut loose and concentrate on defence of these islands—come the 4 quarters of the world in arms! We should really be better off! Decision postponed for report of Chiefs of Staff. Labour members, Neville, Halifax, and I think, Archibald Sinclair, think with me. Sentimental Winston rather doubtful.

Monday, 3 June  
Cabinet 11.30. Dowding [Fighter Command] there and exposed the extent of the strain on RAF fighters. Discussion as to reply to be sent to French appeal for help on Somme. Glad to say it was decided not to fall between two stools and not to send over fighter protection over to France. That would be fatal....

Tuesday, 4 June  
Cabinet 11.30. Discussed reply to French appeal. Churchill trying hard to send out fighters to help them. But they're no use. If I could see any signs of the French fighting I should take a risk. But they don't. And they ignored our 24-hour warning of raid on Paris yesterday, and the pilots were all at lunch! 40 machines on the ground, and 4 got off!

Thursday, 6 June  
Vansittart has been made a Privy Councillor! What on earth for? He has now, by well-earned dismissal, achieved a GCB and a PC!! Found Halifax this morning sealing up a letter to Vansittart—con-

gratulating him, I suppose. Halifax is a queer fish.

Monday, 10 June  
Cabinet at 12.30. French more or less holding, but in reply to a question whether they will continue to do so, Dill blithely answered "No." What fun! Churchill said he was going over to France after lunch, but subsequently cancelled it—largely, I suspect, because French Government are packing up and leaving today....

6. Mussos declared war. Am rather glad. Now we can say what we think of these purulent dogs.

Tuesday, 11 June  
Cabinet 12.30. Not much news as French G.Q.G. and Government have moved. But French seem to be holding pretty well. Churchill off to France again this afternoon....

Wednesday, 12 June  
Saw Halifax... who said Winston had brought back news that French were evidently cracking. Well, if they must, let them crack and let us concentrate on our own defence and the defeat of Germany, instead of dribbling away to France all that we have that is good—and losing it. But what a look-out! God give us courage. Bombing attack on N. Italy last night a flop—owing to bad weather and French opposition!

Thursday, 13 June  
Halifax rang up at 9 to say P.M. sent for by Reynaud and going over to France—wants Halifax and me to go with him. Got to the Foreign Office at 9.50 and told Halifax starting from Dorchester [Hotel] at 10. Gladwyn Jebb motored me there and we got to Hendon at 10.30. Churchill got up late and didn't turn up till 11. Flew in Flamingo with Halifax, P.M., Beaverbrook and Ismay in other machine. Out to Weymouth... Over Channel Islands and to Tours. Thunderstorm and rain as we arrived on pock-marked bombed aerodrome. No one expected us and I got hold of French A.F. officer who was very helpful and supplied cars to take us to Prefecture. Complete chaos. But managed to impress who we were. Prefet at last arrived and got Reynaud on telephone. Arranged to meet 3.45 and went off to lunch at a hotel. V. good lunch and Churchill in v. good form.... Only Reynaud

there for French. He said French army must and asked us to release him from no-separate-peace agreement. He said he had been heartened by Roosevelt's message allowing publication of his appeal. So we said make another—last appeal, and meanwhile we won't answer your question, Spears [Churchill's personal representative with French Prime Minister] told me he hadn't been in this mood at noon. But old Pétain completely defeatist—also Weygand: it's not his war. Reynaud improved later, but he's v. mercurial. Off the ground soon after 8.30. Dined at home. Cabinet 10.45 till 1.15. Good message from Roosevelt which crossed Reynaud's last appeal. We sent appreciative message to Roosevelt, another to Reynaud saying he'd got all he wanted, and a message of solidarity from France to England. Home about 1.30. V. tired. Had about five hours in plane which should be restful—but rattling. Dahlias being put in!

Friday, 14 June  
Germans entering Paris. Everything as black as black. Even Turks running out... Censor at 7.30 said message intercepted to effect that Pétain has formed a Government. If true, that means capitulation and all lost.

Saturday, 15 June  
Cabinet at 10. French army seems to have disintegrated. After, Neville brought up proposal—which he didn't think much of (nor I)—for fusion of British and French Governments—I had meanwhile drafted telegram to Bordeaux, suggesting French Government should come here. That is the most practical step. Draft approved. I broke away at lunchtime—I've had 10 weeks non-stop and it's too much almost, even for me! Went out in a deluge of rain and picked peas and dug potatoes for our dinner, which was excellent. Did some writing after, but won't look at work! Everything awful... We'll all fight like cats—or die rather than submit to Hitler. US look pretty useless. Well, we must die without them.

© 1971 the Executors of the late Sir Alexander Cadogan  
Extracted from "The Diaries of Sir Alexander Cadogan, 1938-1945," edited by David Dicks, to be published by Cassell, price £6.00, on November 11.

Next week: Anthony Eden makes a diplomatic blunder

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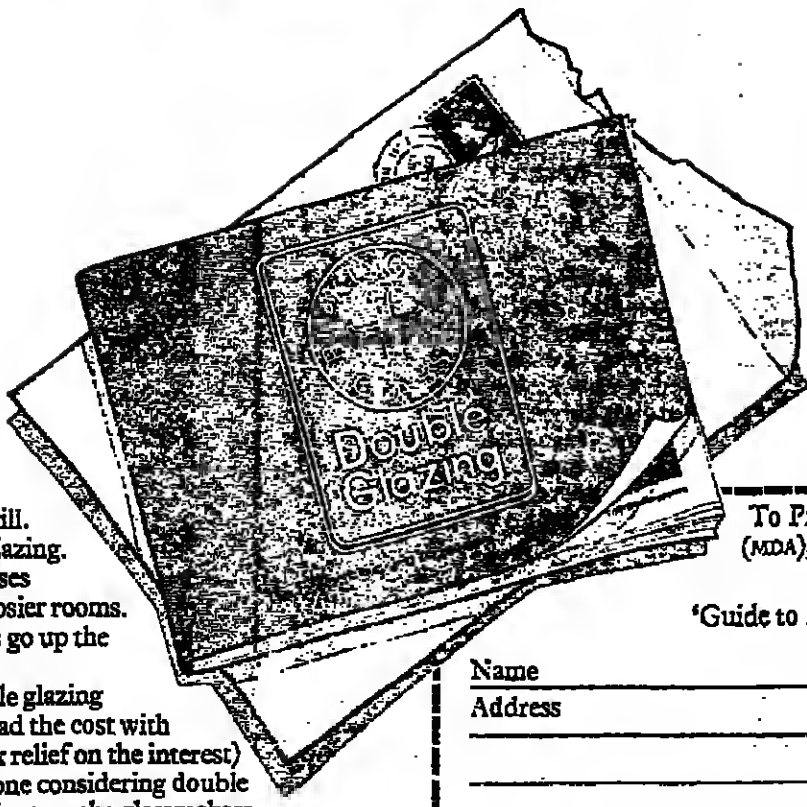
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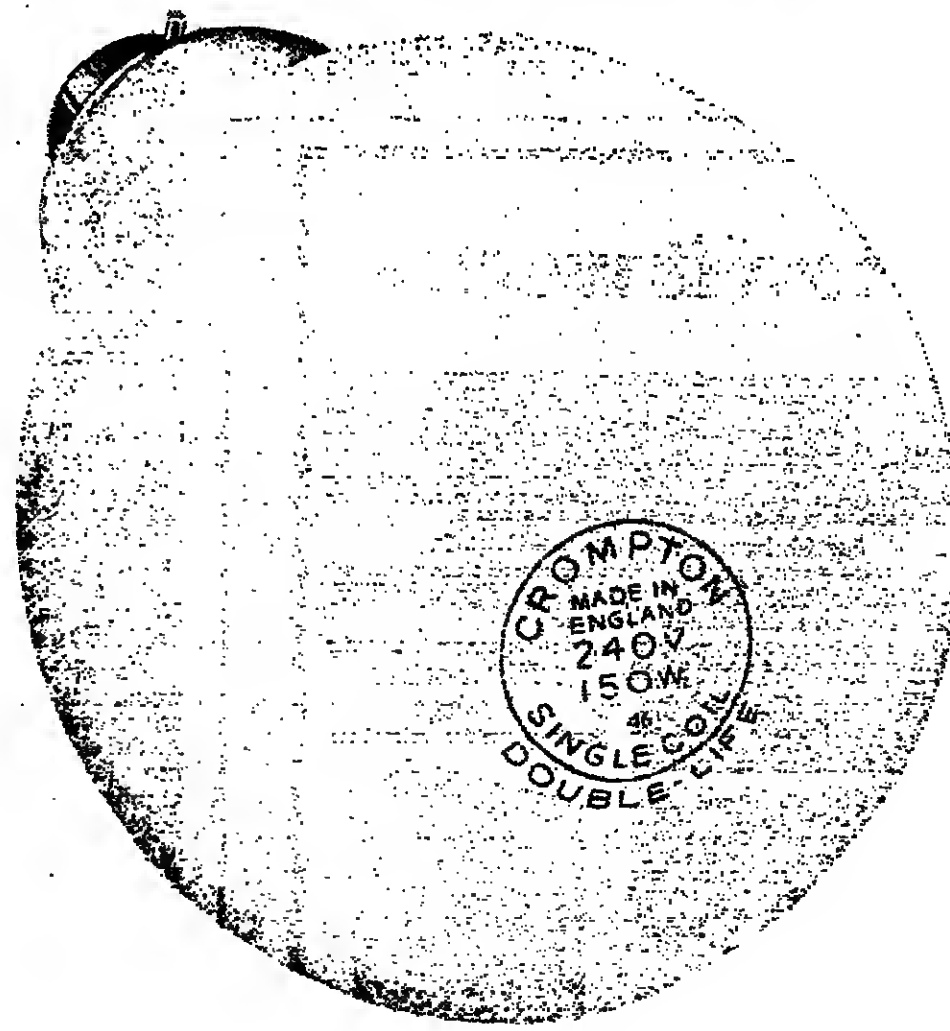
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# THE DEATH OF MR MCGREGOR

WAS AWAY FROM THE Gombe Stream when the timid baby had a new baby, but I was there a month later when, one evening, she walked slowly into my supporting him with one hand. Each time she made a sudden movement he uttered a loud squawk, as though in pain.

It was soon obvious that the baby was very ill indeed. All four limbs hung limply and he screamed almost every time his mother took a step. When Ollie sat down, very carefully arranging his legs so not to crush them, his elder sister Gilka went and sat close to her mother and stared at the infant.

Ollie ate a couple of bananas and then set off along the stream, with Gilka and me following. Ollie moved for only a few yards at a time and then, though worried by the screams of her infant, sat down cradling him close.

After travelling about a hundred yards, which took her over half an hour, Ollie climbed into a tree. Again she carefully arranged her baby's arms and legs on her lap and she sat down.

When we had been there for fifteen minutes it began to rain, a blinding deluge, which almost obscured the limbs from my sight. During the storm, which went on for forty minutes, the baby must have died or lost consciousness; when Ollie left the tree afterwards he made no sound and his head lolled back limply as his arms and legs.

I was amazed at the sudden complete change in Ollie's attitude to her baby. I had watched a young and inexperienced mother carrying her dead baby and, even the day after its death, she had held it as though it were still alive, cradling it against her breast. But Ollie climbed down the tree with her infant carefully in one hand and, when she reached the ground, she laid the limp body over her shoulder.

It was as though she knew the baby was dead. Perhaps it was because he did not move or that her maternal instincts were no longer aroused.

The following day Ollie lived in camp, followed by Gilka, with the corpse of her infant slung over her shoulder. When she sat down the body sometimes dropped heavily to the ground. It was gruesome to watch, and several of the young male chimpanzees went over to stare.

Presently Ollie wandered away from camp and she and Gilka, with me following, went the same way up the opposite mountain slope. There she sat down.

The dead infant slumped to the ground beside her and, rather than to glance down at it, Ollie ignored it. She sat, staring into space.



Photographs by Hugo van Lawick

hardly moving for the next half-hour save to hit away the fast-gathering swarm of flies.

Now, at last, came Gilka's opportunity to play with her sibling. It was not easy to watch. Already the corpse had begun to smell; the face and belly showed a definite greenish tinge, and the eyes, which were wide open, stared glassily ahead.

Inch by inch, glancing repeatedly up at her mother's face, Gilka pulled the body towards her. Carefully she groomed it, and then with a quick glance towards her mother, Gilka carefully lifted the dead body of her sibling and pressed it to her breast.

Only then did Ollie's lethargy leave her for a moment. She snatched the body away but then, once more, let it fall to the ground.

The following afternoon Ollie and Gilka arrived in camp without the body. Somewhere in the valley Ollie must finally have abandoned it.

Had we known, at the time, that Ollie's infant was, without doubt, the first victim of the terrible paralytic disease that struck our chimpanzee community, I should never have followed the family—for, at that time, my own baby was on the way. But we had no suspicion, and the next victims did not appear for another two weeks.

Later we discovered that there had been a had outbreak of poliomyelitis amongst the African population in the Kigoma district: since chimpan-

zees are susceptible to almost every human infectious disease and are known to get polio, it seems almost certain that this was the epidemic which afflicted our chimpanzees.

We did not know to what lengths the disease might ravage the chimpanzee community, and we felt it was worth at least trying to stop it by treating those that were healthy.

The Pfizer Laboratories in Nairobi generously supplied us with the oral vaccine, and we gave it to the chimps in bananas.

I think those few months were the worst I have ever lived through for, every time a chimp stopped visiting the feeding area for a while, we started to wonder whether we would ever see him again.

Fifteen chimpanzees in our group were afflicted, of whom six lost their lives. Some of the victims were lucky and survived with only minor disabilities; Gilka lost partial use of one hand, and another young female, Melissa, was affected in her neck and shoulders. The magnificent young males, Pepe and Faben, both appeared after short absences trailing one useless arm. But it is the nightmare of Mr McGregor's illness that still haunts us.

IT WAS QUITE late in the evening when my husband, Hugo, noticed Flo, Fifi and Flint moving cautiously towards a low bush, just below camp, staring intently and every so often, uttering soft worried calls as they stood upright to peer over the long grass. We hurried down to see what was happening.

We saw the flies first. Every leaf and twig near the bush bore its burden of metallic blue and green flies, buzzing angrily as our approach disturbed them. As we cautiously moved closer we expected to see some dead creature—but it was Mr McGregor, and he was alive.

He was sitting on the ground reaching for the tiny purple berries that grew on the hush above his head, stuffing them into his mouth. It was not until he wanted to reach another cluster of the fruit that we realised the horror of what had happened.

Looking towards the berries, the old male seized hold of a low branch and pulled himself along the ground—both his legs trailed uselessly after him. When next he wanted to shift his position he put both hands behind him on the ground and inched his body backwards in a sitting position.

Flo and her family soon moved away, but Hugo and I stayed there until darkness fell. To our amazement Mr McGregor was able to pull himself up into a low-branched tree, using only his powerful arms. He hauled himself quite high and then managed to build a small nest.

As he climbed we saw the reason for the horde of flies for he had lost the use of the sphincter muscle of his bladder and, every time he strained to reach a higher branch, a spurt of urine trickled down his paralysed thighs.

The next ten days—and they

seemed more like ten years—had a nightmare quality. We kept hoping to notice some flicker of life return to his paralysed legs, but he never twitched as much as a toe. During this time, he did not move from the vicinity of our feeding area.

Usually, having risen at about eleven o'clock, he was back in his nest by half-past four or so. At first he was apprehensive if we approached too closely and threatened us with a quick raising of one arm and a soft bark. But after two days he seemed to sense that we were trying to help—and after this he even lay back and allowed me to pour water from a sponge into his open mouth.

We made a little basket of leaves which we filled with food—bananas, palm nuts, any wild foods we could collect—and pushed it up to him in his nest on the end of a long stick. When he had vacated his nest in the mornings, we climbed up and cleaned it for him.

One of the most tragic things about the whole affair was the reaction of the other chimps. Initially, almost certainly, they were frightened by the strangeness of his condition. One after the other they approached him with their hair on end and, after staring, began to display around him.

Goliath actually attacked the stricken old male who, powerless to flee or defend himself in any way, could only cower down, his face split by a hideous grin of terror, whilst Goliath pounced on his back.

When another adult male bore down on McGregor, hair bristling, huge branches falling the ground, Hugo and I went to stand in front of the cripple and, to our relief, the displaying male turned aside.

After two or three days the others got used to McGregor's strange appearance and grotesque movements, but they kept well away from him. There was one afternoon that, without doubt, was from my point of view the most painful of the whole ten days. A group of eight chimps had gathered and were grooming each other in a tree about sixty yards from where McGregor lay in his nest.

The sick male stared towards them, occasionally giving little grunts. Finally he dragged himself from his nest, lowered himself to the ground and, in short stages, began the long journey to join the others.

When at last he reached the tree he gave a loud grunt of pleasure and reached a hand towards them in greeting—but even before he made contact they swung quickly away and, without a backward glance, started grooming on the far side of the tree.

For a full two minutes old Gregor sat motionless, staring after them. And then he laboriously lowered himself to the ground. As I watched him sitting there alone, my vision blurred, and when I looked up at the groomers in the tree I came nearer to bawling a chimpanzee than I have ever done before or since.

On the tenth evening, when we went down with our supper, Mr McGregor was not in his nest, nor could we see him sitting in the grass. When we

found him, after a short search, we soon realised that, somehow, he had dislocated one arm. And then we knew that, in the morning, we should have to shoot our old friend.

We had known it, secretly, all along—yet we had waited, hoping for a miracle. I stayed with him for a while and, as dusk fell, he looked up more and more often into the tree above him. I realised that he must want to make a nest, so I cut and took to him a large pile of green vegetation. At once he manoeuvred himself on to it, lay down and, with one hand and his chin, tucked the twigs over to make a comfortable pillow.

I went down to see him later that night, and it says much for the extent to which we had won his trust and confidence that, having heard my voice, he closed his eyes and went back to sleep, three feet away and with his back to me and my bright pressure lamp. Next morning, whilst he was grunting in delight over his favourite food—two eggs which we had given him—we sent him, unsuspecting, to happier hunting grounds.

THE AMAZING SUCCESS OF man as a species (if success is indeed the proper word) is the result of the evolutionary development of his brain which has led, among other things, to tool-using and tool-making, the ability to solve problems by logical reasoning, thoughtful co-operation, and language.

One of the most striking ways in which the chimpanzee, biologically, resembles man lies in the structure of his brain. The chimpanzee, with his marked capacity for primitive reasoning, exhibits a type of intelligence closer to that of man than is the case with any other mammal living today.

The brain of the modern chimpanzee, in fact, is probably not too dissimilar to the brain that so many millions of years ago directed the behaviour of the first apes.

Until I first watched David Greyhound and Goliath modifying grass stems so that they could use them to fish for termites, the fact that prehistoric man made tools was considered to be one of the major criteria which distinguished him from other creatures. The chimpanzee does not fashion his probes to "a regular and set pattern".

—but prehistoric man, before his development of stone tools, undoubtedly poked around with sticks and straws. At that stage it seems unlikely that he made tools to a set pattern either.

So far no chimpanzee has succeeded in using one tool to make another, yet, in time, the chimpanzee might develop a more sophisticated tool culture. After all, primitive man continued to use his early stone tools for thousands of years, virtually without change. Then, suddenly, we find a more refined type of stone tool culture appearing widespread across the continents.

If the chimpanzee is allowed to continue living he too might suddenly produce a race of chimp super-brains and evolve a brand new tool-culture. For it seems almost certain that whilst the ability to manipulate objects is innate in a chimpanzee, the actual tool-using patterns practised by the Gombe Stream chimpanzees are learned by the infants from their elders.

One very significant aspect of chimpanzee behaviour lies in the close similarity of many of their communicatory gestures and postures to those of man himself. Not only are the actual positions and movements similar to our own, but also the contexts in which they often occur.



Jane Goodall with her son, "Grub": observation of chimp mothers influenced her approach to his early upbringing.

When a chimpanzee is suddenly frightened he frequently reaches to touch or embrace a chimpanzee close by, rather as a girl, watching a horror film, may seize her companion's hand. Both chimpanzees and humans seem reassured, in stressful situations, by physical contact with another individual.

This comfort probably originates during the years of infancy when, for so long, the touch of the mother, or the contact with her body, serves to calm the frights and soothe the anxieties of both ape and human infants.

There are some chimps who, far more than others, constantly seem to try to ingratiate themselves with their superiors—just as there are people who, when trying to be extra friendly, reach out to touch the person concerned and smile very frequently and attentively. Usually they are, for some reason or other, people who are unsure of themselves and slightly ill at ease in social contexts.

When chimpanzees are overjoyed by the sight of a large pile of bananas they pat and kiss and embrace one another rather as two Frenchmen may embrace when they hear good news, or as a child may leap to hug his mother when told of a special treat.

It is if we begin to consider the moral issues at stake when, say, one human hegs forgiveness from another, or himself forgives, that we get into difficulties when trying to draw parallels between human and chimpanzee behaviour.

Whilst we may make a direct comparison between the effect on anxious chimpanzee or human of a touch or embrace of reassurance, the issue becomes complicated if we probe into the motivation which directs the gesture of the ape or the human who is doing the reassuring. For humans are capable of acting from purely selfish motives; we can be genuinely sorry for someone and try to share in his troubles in an endeavour to offer comfort and solace.

It is unlikely that a chimpanzee acts from feelings quite like these; I doubt whether even members of one family, united as they are by strong mutual affections, are ever motivated by pure altruism in their dealings one with another.

On the other hand, there may be parallels in some instances. Most of us have experienced sensations of extreme discomfort and unease in the presence of an abject, weeping person. We may feel compelled to try to calm him, not because we are sorry for him, in the altruistic sense, but because his behaviour disturbs our own feeling of well-being.

Perhaps the sight—and especially the sound—of a crouching, screaming subordinate similarly makes a chimpanzee uneasy; the most efficient way of changing the situation is for him to calm the other with a touch.

When two chimpanzees greet each other after a separation their behaviour often looks amazingly like that shown by two humans in the same con-

text. Hand, or touch her head, in response to her submission.

It is not only the submissive and reassuring gestures of the chimpanzee that so closely resemble our own. Many of his games are like those played by human children. The tickling movements of chimpanzee fingers during play are almost identical to our own.

The chimpanzee's aggressive displays are not unlike some of ours. Like a man an angry chimpanzee may fixly stare at his opponent. He may raise his forearm rapidly, jerk back his head a little, run towards his adversary upright and waving his arms, throw stones, hit sticks, hit, kick, bite, scratch and pull the hair of a victim.

In fact, if we survey the whole range of the postural and gestural communication signals of chimpanzees and humans, we find striking similarities in many instances. It would appear, then, that either man and chimp have evolved gestures and postures along a most remarkable parallel, or that we share, with the chimpanzees, an ancestor in the dim and very distant past, an ancestor, moreover, who communicated with his kind by means of kissing and embracing, touching and patting and holding hands.

One of the major differences between man and his closest living relative is, of course, that the chimpanzee has not developed the power of speech. Even the most intensive efforts to teach young chimps to talk have met with virtually no success. Verbal language does indeed represent a truly gigantic stride forward in man's evolution.

All the same, when humans come to an exchange of emotional feelings, most people fall back on the old chimpanzee-type of gestural communication—the cheering pat, the embrace of exuberance, the clasp of hands. And when, on these occasions, we use words too, we often say them in rather the same way as a chimpanzee utters his calls—an emotional level.

It is only through a real understanding of the ways in which chimpanzees and men show similarities in behaviour that we can reflect, with meaning, on the ways in which men and chimpanzees differ. And only then can we really begin to appreciate, in a biological and spiritual manner, the full extent of man's uniqueness.

Man indeed overshadows the chimpanzee. Yet the chimpanzee is, nevertheless, a creature of immense significance to the understanding of man.

Just as he is overshadowed by us, so the chimpanzee overshadows all other animals. He has the ability to solve quite complex problems, he can use and make tools for a variety of purposes, his social structure and methods of communication with his fellows are elaborate, and he shows the beginnings of self-awareness. Who knows what the chimpanzee will be like forty million years hence?

[CONCLUDED]

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## What chimpanzees eat

LIKE MAN, the chimpanzee is an omnivore and feeds on vegetables and meat—and also insects.

**Vegetables:** Over 90 different species of tree and plant used by the Gombe Stream chimpanzees for food have already been identified. They have been seen eating over 50 types of fruit and over 90 types of leaf and leaf bud. They also eat some blossoms, seeds, barks and piths. Sometimes they lick resin from tree trunks or chew on waxes of dead wood fibre.

**Insects:** Throughout the year the following kinds of insects may be eaten in large quantities: 3 species of ant, 2 species of termite, 1 species of caterpillar of a moth as yet unidentified. These chimps also eat a variety of grubs—the larvae of different beetles, wasps, gall flies, etc. Bee larvae are eaten when chimpanzees raid bees' nests and feed on honey.

**Birds' eggs and fledglings:** Occasionally the chimpanzees take eggs or fledglings from the nests of a wide variety of birds.

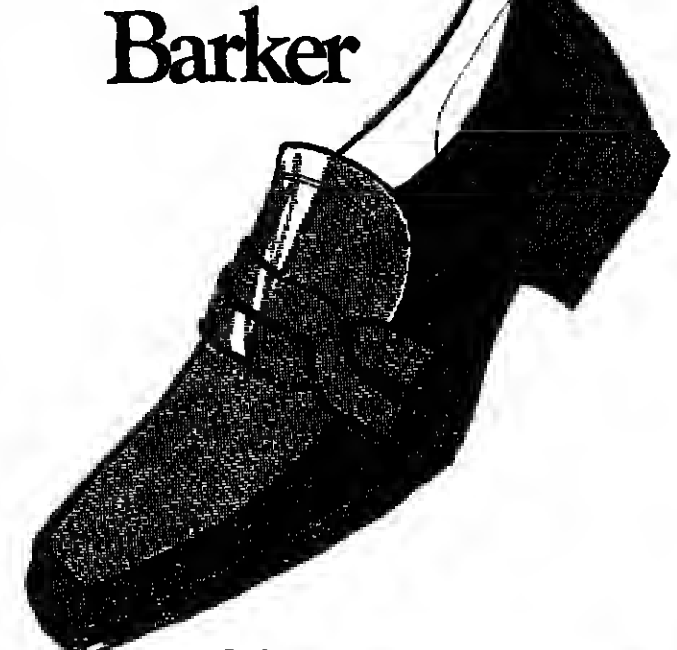
**Meat:** The Gombe Stream



chimpanzees are efficient hunters: a group of about 40 individuals may catch over 20 different prey animals during one year. Most common prey animals are the young of bushbucks, bushpigs and baboons, and young or adult colobus monkeys. Occasionally chimpanzees may catch a red-tail monkey or a blue monkey. Minerals: The chimps sometimes eat small quantities of soil containing salt.

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### CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

Carter is a Painter's Cat by Carolyn Sloan (Longman Young Books £1.10). The sharp impact of wit and colour in Fritz Wegner's pictures provides a suitable complement to a neat tale of a cat created differently on canvas each day of the week. The simple joke is blizzingly well executed in a picture-book deserving a wide range of readers and lookers. The Erie Canal illustrated by Peter Spiller (World's Work £1.20). Thomas Allen's folk-song of 1912 evokes entrancingly crowded pictures, as the Small Hope is towed by mules from Albany to Buffalo in the early 1880s. What a story of bridge and backwater, rolling hills for distance, everywhere people gesticulating, gossiping, running, eating; endless delight for absolutely anyone. Behard's M-Glass Covers by P. D. Pemberton (Faber 95p). Nine-year-old Richard enjoys building up an imaginary milking herd with naval-style names but to his preoccupation, worry about his eccentricity till Magnolia's calving makes all the difference. The simple affectionate eye for small-boy behaviour, a crisp, pointed style; seven up.

If I Were an Atom: If I Were an Atom: If I Were a Radioactive: If I Met a Molecule, all by Noel Wilson. Graphics by Raymond Smith (Hutchinson). No protests about "humanising" science, please. A child who meets people in the atom, the molecule, the electron in these books will not be given false ideas by the rainbow-coloured balloons men and the simple, direct text. From Australia, an exciting amalgam of graphic ingenuity and plain accurate fact; seven up. The Little Book of Magic by Mary Stewart (Brookampton 55p). Shades of Massfield to an exhilarating contest between powerful witchery and a boy and girl who step in where anyone else would have feared to tread. Mary Stewart has obviously enjoyed mapping out a satirical, her thriller-technique to junior fantasy and reveals an engaging wit in the process. Tales and Legends retold by J. B. Priestley (Hutchinson £1.40). The Hooper children, who hid in a cave from gun-happy adults, guess the roly-poly creature was a pet of superior beings as invisible as their visiting spaceship. Satire and sentiment mix in a domestic adventure which comments wryly on human stupidity.

Toby Tyler by James Otis (Collins, Classics for Today £1.35). A small boy runs away to join a circus. Sides life hard, wins hearts by his trusting courage. Grace Hogarth as editor has removed "some of the extra adjectives" quite a few of Toby's sob's and tears" from this American classic of the Eighties but still the rattling good tale with its Dickensian characters and its rich emotion is splendidly of its period. The Strangers by Ann Schlee (Macmillan £1.25). Roundhead and Cavalier in 1651, but with a different background and his daughter on Royalist Treason in the Scillies are caught up in the fortunes of Lady Melchett and her young son, who coolly escape should if they can find the gold deposited for them earlier. Domestic historical fiction at its best—well documented, human and humane. The French Lieutenant by Richard Church (Hutchinson £1.25). This "ghost story" shows how a boy of fourteen learns to communicate with people partly because of the elusive but persistent echoes of an old tragedy. Speaks directly to the young but with the full virtues of a lucid style.

Josh by Ivan Southall (Angus and Robertson £1.25). Exploring his origins in a remote township, fourteen-year-old Josh finds that the Plovers of Ryan Creek have their descendants a problem or two, not least the special local attitude to his remarkable great-aunt. Ivan Southall, constantly enlarging the scope of his novels, has here written an extraordinarily compelling prose for a book which I think is his best so far.

Margery Fisher

"THE BOOK arose out of lectures to medical and dental students at the beginning of their studies." Fortunate patients, whose dentist, poised over the drill, can prattle of androgens and antigens, black-box experiments and blastopores, clones and polymers, valency and zygoma, or tell us the number of enzymes in Escherichia coli—"Hoat to a series of phages"—or the constituents of Haldane's soup (a "protobiotic soup of amino-acids, ribose, four purine and pyrimidine bases, and a source of high-energy phosphate").

Since the Wells/Huxley "science of life" made biology and kindred sciences available to the studious middlebrow I know of no book so lucid, informative, well balanced and intellectually unflappable as Professor Young's modestly named Introduction to the Study of Man. I say "modestly"; but in fact it ranges over such subjects as the origin of the galaxy, of earth and life, the evolution of culture, speech, the cell and the brain, the measurement of intelligence, the population problem (about which he is hopeful), consciousness, senescence, the chemical elements in man, the DNA, the sexual drives, centres, stimuli, activities and response of men and mammals. There are also discussions of "the springs of human action," aggression and co-operation, and of the tools of science, the search for order, general propositions, exact observation.

"What can knowledge of the brain tell us?" "What repairs the repairer of the repairer?" "We know far more about physics and chemistry or about other parts of the body than we do about the mechanism that acquires this knowledge." For this reason Professor Young, whose work on the brain has long been famous (know thyself means. Know thy brain), devotes particularly long and detailed sections to the study of infancy, in which the brain develops its skills, the flavour of its personality, and to senescence, senility—and death, in which forces we can still barely control, some built-in system of instructions, appear to make away with us.

Though he accepts the "big bang" theory of the origin of the universe and states the Haldane-Bernal belief in the randomness of the origins of life in some such favourable environment as Haldane's soup subjected to an almost infinite number of experiments to produce an enzyme. Professor Young is not an iconoclast. He spells "deity" with a capital; he admits that there is much we

## The proper study

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MAN by J Z Young/Oxford  
£6 pp 179

CYRIL CONNOLLY

do not know and possibly will never know.

Truly we are ignorant of the pattern of the universe. Yet we learn more every year. Our desire for uniformity compels us to ask whether there is any connection between the rules governing universal events and those on earth, including our own origins. Human enquiry has not proceeded sufficiently to allow physics to provide any clear answer.

The origins of life admit four possibilities. Did life arise by migration from some other body? Was it produced by a life-force of supernatural origin? Do the laws that control the matter of the universe contain factors which dictated the necessity for life to begin? Can we show that life may have arisen by the operation of forces known to operate in the terrestrial physical world?

It seems likely that it will be found that life arose spontaneously from the operations of conditions prevalent upon the early earth. It is for astronomers to tell us the source from which this order was derived.

To understand Professor Young we must learn the word "homeostasis," which is central to his thinking, and which he defines in his glossary as "the conditions of maintaining a constant organisation in spite of continuous interchange with the surroundings," and which he regards as the ball-mark of existence.

All this activity is directed towards the end of preservation of the individual, during his life span, and ultimately of the species; the capacity for maintenance of continuity or homeostasis is the central characteristic feature of life. More specifically, the characteristics of human life are the activities by which human continuity is maintained.

Repairing (until the repair systems wear out) and reproduction are therefore of paramount importance, but two questions will give the measure of Professor Young's profound humanity and optimistic wisdom.

The essence of living is thus not to be found in any one population or species but is dispersed

through all the different types of life in existence on the earth. We are just able to recognise that all men are brothers. Should we not go much further and proceed on the assumption that we are of one flesh, not only with all animals but with all plants, fungi and bacteria as well—the same code of triplets of bases is used to define the proteins of all organisms. We are indeed one flesh. But, as Lorenz points out, "We cannot love all our brothers indiscriminately; we can feel the full warm emotion of friendship and love only for individuals and the utmost exertion of will-power cannot alter this fact."

"Mankind" for Professor Young is a collection of individuals, he does not sacrifice the one for the good of the species. "Each man, woman, or child, in his skin and with his brain, is a very real unit of homeostatic control."

Hence the importance, which he fully recognises, of our children's development and our own death. His book is interlarded with innumerable statistical tables, some easy, some very difficult to follow. Thus we can see that although we have conquered so many diseases we have not extended human life more than three or four years and the number of centenarians remains constant. "The best way to attain old age is to have old parents."

We are like packs of cards; some cards are worn and frayed and spotted, others crisp and clean, but for all alike the rubber ends at the same time and we are scattered into a pile in the drawer, with or without a post-mortem. "Death is essential to life."

As Strecher puts it, the changes of senescence are (1) gradual, (2) harmful, and (3) universal "in all metazoons except those that are clones, e.g. sea anemones." Nor can "cryptobiosis" help us much. Though the seed of the lotus germinates after 2000 years, "suspended animation" (a hamster has been frozen for 45 minutes) is no substitute for life. And when we could be living, most of us are daydreaming, pining, poring, snoring or adding up small sums of money.

Let us turn to the child. He learns to talk between the ages of 18 and 28 months with universal regularity. But, as Dr Connolly has pointed out, before a child can say "money," "boredom" and "it's not fair," he has undergone a whole cycle of sights and sounds and smells and tactile values. Instead of testing speech responses there is much to be done in tabulating his responses to music, the age at which he can distinguish tunes or begins to dance and sing, the song a monotonous chant like a whale's, the dance a bear-like lumbering or lumbering. From what memory-bank does he draw the experience? (As Pumphrey said, "Nothing leaves less trace in history than sound-waves"—so we turn to cave-paintings and prehistoric art.) "Baboons in zoos give a characteristic bark when surrounding a dead individual" (Zuckerman). Rituals and dances leave few or no remains. Signs of religious belief (shrines and temples) are only 10,000 years old, but burials appear as much as 200,000 years ago, about the same time as the first carvings of animals or women, in mammoth ivory. The Venus of Willendorf is about 18,000 years old. Writing a mere 3,500 BC. Interior decoration was born in palaeolithic times. "Pornography has a long and honourable history in the genesis of art."

If anything is more sacred to Professor Young than everything else, it is DNA: "the unit of inherited information," the code of instructions which takes the body through growth, and to which Crick and Watson supplied the key. DNA is a book of rules in one sense but it is of enormous complexity.

All of us use the same genetic code to make the same amino-acids, the same proteins, the same types. The instructions for all life-forms are written in similar languages. If we assume 2,000 letters to a page then the instructions for a virus would occupy 100 pages, those for a bacterium a book of 2,500 pages, and those for man 1,700 books of 100 pages each.

This gives us an idea of the tremendous complexity of life and also warns us of the enormous difficulties that face us if we wish to know the human genetic code fully. With Professor Young we may be nearly always out of our depth, but we know that we will not be shipwrecked. He will bring us, after 700 pages of biochemistry, safely home again.

## Heir to the Pharaohs

NASSER: A Political Biography by Robert Stephens/Allen Lane  
The Penguin Press £4.75 pp 635

DAVID HOLDEN

IT IS NOW just a year since Gamal Abdul Nasser died of a heart attack, and the valedictory memoirs and biographies are in full flow. What is immediately apparent about them—at any rate to anyone who has followed the affairs of the Middle East in recent years—is how little they reveal about the man and his career that is genuinely new.

Even the revelations of his former confidant and unofficial spokesman, Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, now being serialised in The Sunday Telegraph, are so essentially old news that they fill in the picture with gossip and "inside" reporting, but they do little to re-assess—or to inspire a re-assessment—of a man whose life's work has already been copiously recorded in word and deed and whose achievements have been so exhaustively discussed, if sometimes inconclusively, in so many more significant revelations in the future. Conspiracy theories of Nasser as the puppet of the Russians, or the sinister Egyptian Machiavelli, are now a thing of the past. It is not likely to find factual support from "secret" files. They have rarely been taken seriously by people familiar with the Arab scene and as time goes by the weight of evidence appears to be ever more conclusively against them.

Nor can we expect much in the way of personal exposure. Nasser was a political animal, first, last and always. Even during his lifetime his enemies could find nothing damaging in his personal life to lend spice to their attacks and they seem even less likely to discover it now that he is dead. Thus, the book must justify itself by its organisation of what is already known, rather than by its delivery of the unknown.

Here Robert Stephens serves us well. If I fear, rather than lengthily and minutely for all but the most earnest student of the Middle East, his Nasser is massive and thoroughly researched, drawing together around the central character all the significant events and trends of the Middle East over the past quarter of a century. At times, indeed, it seems as much of a political and diplomatic history of the entire region as the mere biography of one man; but that is a reflection of Nasser's actual position in his age. In spite of his many mistakes he was, for

the better part of twenty years, the benchmark against which all other Arab leaders had to measure themselves for, as Stephens says, he was "the most progressive Egyptian ruler of modern times and the most important statesman thrown up by the Arab renaissance."

Most important, however, is not the book's wide scope and painstaking detail but its spirit. Mr Stephens has been for many years one of the soundest interpreters of contemporary Arab politics and he has brought to the book a combination of sympathy, experience and candour that I must confess—as a sometime rival of his in the field—arouses in me flickers of envy as well as of admiration.

He is widely and frequently appreciative of Nasser's achievements and does not frequently argue Nasser's weaknesses—his impulsiveness, his suspicion, his inadequate knowledge of the world, his capacity for "unblinking lies" and his inability to run anything except as a one-man band. He does not gloss over the errors—these led to the unsuccess of the Suez Canal, the failure in Syria, the war in the Yemen, the gross proliferation of the secret police in Egypt and, worst of all, the miscalculations that led to the Six Day War (although here I think Mr Stephens might have been more severe on him).

But he provides the indispensable context without which not only Nasser but many other nationalist leaders of our time cannot be understood. He is not a biased or frequently arrogant, but a man who has seen Nasser reflecting "the experience and outlook of underprivileged colonial man" attempting to escape the humiliation of backwardness and weakness, to catch up against overwhelming odds. Specifically he places him in an Egypt that for over 2,000 years had known nothing but colonial rule and that for a century and a half before he seized power had been treated by Europe as a mere appendage.

In short, says Mr Stephens, whatever his follies, what Nasser was about was the recovery of dignity. It is not an original verdict—but then, as I have remarked, there is not much original still to be said about Nasser. What Mr Stephens has done is to present us with the evidence to support the verdict in as sober, well-organised and comprehensive a way as we are likely to get for some years to come.

## The way we live now

TO REPEAT (1965) and now re-issued in paperback, first published in 1962, is cause for renewed congratulation. Anthony Sampson's re-examination of our national power-grid is again a masterpiece of performance. In some ways, indeed, it is even better—less flip, perhaps, because it is less experimental, more relaxed, has more the effect of seeking a genuine answer to Britain's predicaments. Sampson is ten years older and appears to have brooded longer and more philosophically, though no less urgently, over the dire conditions he describes.

Almost ten years have passed since inflationary, off-the-cuff, Edwardian expertise yielded to falsely optimistic "technological" presidency—six years of slow souring in the minds of the electorate—and this, in its turn, to government by reflective Broadstairs. In that time this country, morally, socially, environmentally, politically and economically, has advanced steadily into the red.

It is this retreat into a world where only the Ceshire cat's grin remains—a society and consensus that has come to mean and stand for less and less in the mind of the younger generation—that Mr Sampson is concerned to chart and chronicle in these pages. The devastating diagram on page 131, lifted from the Newsom Report on the public schools (1967) is the most effective statistic of a divisive society in the book. Chapter Five ("The Prime Minister") is the best light-and-dark piece of political human analysis that I have read for a very long time.

Sampson and his team seem to have taken, if possible, more pains than before about the ramifying sub-structures of our

THE NEW ANATOMY OF BRITAIN  
by Anthony Sampson/Hodder & Stoughton £3.25 pp 731  
JOHN RAYMOND

establishment. (Note the high-comedy account of sedate sherry-parties at Chatham House on page 374). His diagnosis, in the fields where one can follow him with any knowledge and experience—Fleet Street, Westminster, the worlds of diplomacy, advertising and assorted mass media—seems all too horribly accurate. (The prognosis is not always so easily discernible.) The barristers tell me that his chapter on current Law and the lawyers is inexact—the wrong informants, some have suggested. Personally, as one who is consumed with curiosity about the ins and outs of this branch of human affairs, it seemed to me as enthralling as the rest of his profiles. I particularly liked Lord Devlin's bland comment, made to Sampson, that

the most important thing for a judge is—curiously enough—judgment. It's not so very different from the qualities of a successful businessman or civil servant. I'm always struck by how like men in high positions seem to be. A whole Kit-Cat club of chairman lies displayed in Chapter 34 ("Directors"). Likewise the trade union leaders, silhouetted in the page-headings—

"The Difficulties of Vic Feather," "The Rise of Clive Jenkins" etc. The chapter on the Churches is the weakest section, a few lines devoted to Britain's six million practising Roman Catholics. There is little or nothing about Scotland, little or nothing about the organised crime industry. One cannot be curious about everything. Meanwhile, if one prefers not to think about anatomy, here is the whole televised Will Hay comedy of zany Britain today—and its burlesque, for instance, "who rate pogantry as one of Britain's greatest attractions."

The British Travel Association wanted to arrange two changes of the Guard each day, but the Guards refused, on the grounds that the ceremony would no longer be meaningful.

## H. E. Bates The Blossoming World

Following the success of The Vanished World this second volume of autobiography takes us from the publication of his first novel, THE TWO SISTERS, in 1926 when he was only twenty, to his commission into the RAF in 1941 where he was to become known as Flying Officer 'X'.

Thirty years ago The Observer wrote: "He makes us hear the

voice of the countryside that is the real England, the England of field and wood and riverbank, of well-loved bird and beast, of trees and flowers and ancient lore, of human people, their lives and their laughter."

Illustrated by John Ward  
£2.50

Michael Joseph



## London ends

GIRL, 20 by Kingsley Amis/Cape £1.50

THE NERVE by Melvyn Bragg/Secker &amp; Warburg £1.90

JEREMY BROOKS

I KNOW a painter on whose studio wall is scrawled the injunction, "CULTIVATE YOUR RESENTMENT". There's something to be said for this, as long as it means recognising and using one's deepest convictions as the moral fulcrum of one's work. Prejudice which is a simple withdrawal of sympathy, though it makes life easier for the artist, ultimately leads to mental fossilisation. It used to be one of Kingsley Amis' strengths as a comic writer that he never shrank from laying himself out on the line; but in his new novel, *Girl, 20*, the targets are so many, the prejudices so unthinking, that lack of focus leaves the major target almost unscathed. This is a pity, because the target in question is a delightful creation, and worthy of some accurate sniping.

The enigmatic title is a reference to a man who "couldn't read 'Girl, 20', in a small ad column without getting a hard on." Sir Roy Anderson, a 45-year-old composer/conductor, is living in the concert hall and fashionable Left Wing TV pundit, is half-fully aware that he needs something more than a magic phrase to turn him on. His current sexual stimulant is a seventeen-year-old savage whose cultivated uncouthness seems, in the narrator's eyes, to be a common factor among "the young" whose approval Sir Roy so sedulously and ridiculously courts.

This narrator, Douglas, a music critic of strictly limited artistic sympathies, is one of those randy, selfish, crusty figures who occupy a central position in most Amis novels. In the course of watching Sir Roy destroy his family and ruin his musical reputation in pursuit (in both senses) of "the young," Douglas displays a rich and varied range of prejudices with true Amis drive. His attitude is as thirty-four—quite unbelievable. If this is an attempt to disengage narrator from author,

it doesn't work. Amis can't have it both ways. Much of his splendidly caustic wit—and this book is as bouncingly full of it as any—springs straight from his own crusty intolerance. He chose to be the man we love to hate, and will have to live with it.

The hero of Melvyn Bragg's new novel, *The Nerve*, is just the kind of character an Amis-hero would happily make a provincial semi-intellectual, difficult, unsure of his new social status as a London lecturer, sexually unadventurous, awkwardly earnest, inwardly cringing before the assaults of city life. In an Amis novel he would have spots and dandruff. This one has a twitch in his left eye which, getting worse, becomes a swelling, a weeping obsession, the first physical indication of what turns out to be an almost mind-destroying nervous breakdown.

It's odd, considering how little real "action" there is in this book, how truly gripping it is. The pace is slow and deliberate, the narrator often fumbling and back-tracking, determined to make the reader understand exactly what this state of mind was like. The unravelling of this screwed-up mind is a totally absorbing experience, reminding us—as we shamefully need reminding—that however easy it may be to pigeon-hole a human exterior, such interior is vulnerable, different, a battlefield crisscrossed with the unhealed scars of old wars.

Melvyn Bragg writes beautifully, with a sort of precise tenderness that reverses every judgement as soon as it is made, which has the effect of bringing even the most minor characters into multi-dimensional reality. *The Nerve* is one of those rare books in which the sense of truth-telling is so strong that it stays with one like a scent, and will eventually take one back to experience that nearness-to-something again.

## First families

THE PROFESSOR by Jack Lynn/Allison and Busby £1.80

FOR THE EYES OF THE PRESIDENT ONLY by Pierre Salinger/Collins £2

FRANK GILES

HERE are two examples, both novels, of American realism. The first is a story of how a conscientious and famous New York academic becomes so deeply involved with the Mafia that in the end his career and his family happiness lie in ruins. The second, by President Kennedy's one-time Press Secretary, describes an imaginary world crisis which occurs at the time of the 1976 US Presidential elections, in which the President, himself, a candidate for re-election, is faced with a situation analogous to that which confronted President Kennedy in 1962 over the issue of Soviet missiles in Cuba.

Lynn's book is both the shorter of the two and the more 'un' to read. He has not, admittedly, ever attended the sump-tuous parties which the chief Mafia boss apparently throw for one another at their gracious residences in the New York suburbs. Nor do I know whether Mr Lynn has ever been to the Mafia, but his convincing descriptions seem to ring true, and the narrative power is well sustained as we watch the rapacious Professor sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of blackmail, corruption and violence.

The realism does not, however, include credibility of motive. It is impossible to believe that this upright and self-reliant man knowingly destroyed his prospects because it excited him to "move with a noble purpose in a world of total corruption, danger and even death." Despite this, the picture of the worthy Professor, coaching the children of the Mafia leaders and opening their eyes to higher things, leaves an unpleasantly good, all-American, taste in the mouth.

The Mafia also come into Mr Salinger's book, along with great many other disparate elements—South American

politics, Chinese strategy, the Washington scene, the struggle for the White House. Mr Salinger's canvas is far too big and carries too much point; when the plot is comprehensible it is frequently over-complex, when it is not it is inevitably opaque.

This is a pity, because his White House and Washington scene-setting is clearly authentic, as it should be, given Mr Salinger's past. One of the story on page 36 tells—that the only time the special telephone which would be used to order nuclear attack rang was when some anonymous outside caller was trying, as he explained to an anxious President, to reach a French laundry?

Despite its shortcomings as a novel, however, this book does bring out two of the major limitations—some would say handicaps—with which an American President, the most powerful man in the Western world, has to contend. The first is the unremitting pressure of the media—Press and above all TV—who demand, as of right, constant insight into matters of state, often affecting the security of the US and its allies.

The second limitation, for a man with the responsibilities of a modern US President, is a Presidential election every four years, when the Chief Executive has to bid for the popular vote for himself and his party at the same time as continuing to exercise what should be wise control of the mightiest element in the Western defence and intelligence system. The result, if not always as spectacular as the one described in this book, tends to be what one of the characters, a Senior State Department official, admirably sums up when he says: "We'll go right on doing the thing we can, not the thing we should."

## Action all the way

THE ZOO GANG by Paul Gallico/Heinemann £1.80

THE SUNS OF BADARANE by Pierre Laver/Macdonald £2.25

PHILIP NORMAN

PAUL GALLICO has invented a hero in *The Zoo Gang*. He is Colonel Roquebrun. In the French Resistance he was known as The Fox; now he is a disguised antiquarian dealer on the coast of Azur. He and his old Aquas brothers, known anachronistically as the Tiger, the Elephant, the Leopard and the Wolf, reunite to intercept—and indeed often massacre—any criminals who threaten the ordinary tourist's sharpness of the coastline to which Mr Gallico has himself so conservatively attached.

It is slightly irritating that, on its dust-cover, the book seems to masquerade as a novel in fact it holds one short story and three long. Why should it matter? The book is by a good writer, not such a common thing these days, and washed in oily sun and resounding at times with the romantic names of the French detective agencies. At one priceless moment the Zoo Gang hijacks a shipment of drugs concealed under a Nice carnival float, then in a disused opera house they eliminate the Seven Dwarfs who are unpacking it. You'll love

that. And every hero must have his stooge: in this case the dear, small Captain Scouffide of the local constabulary, much of whose time is spent practically weeping with admiration.

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## A PAGE OF THE LATEST FICTION



Kingsley Amis: caustic wit



Milovan Djilas: great storyteller



Melvyn Bragg: precise tenderness



V S Naipaul: fascinating adventure



Jack Lynn: careful and convincing



Paul Scott: dramatic watershed



Pierre Salinger: clearly authentic



Paul Gallico: washed in sunshine

## Empty space

THIS IS a novel of the space age set in a world of whose present or future existence Mr Drury falls, on the whole, to persuade us. It purports to represent America a few years hence, menaced by the Soviets and determined to land men on Mars before them. It draws on exhaustive researches into the damage of his active powers. The message quite overwhelms the story. The first 400 pages revolve interminably around one political motif—the silly clamour to put a Negro on the crew. The last 200 deploy a second—Russia's evil intentions, which

THE THRONE OF SATURN by Allen Drury/Michael Joseph £3 pp 600  
HUGO YOUNG

culminate in the ramming of the American craft and the slaughter of her man on the moon.

Anyone who enjoyed "Advice and Consent" will find this latest derivation a tedious disappointment. The first book was unreal and highly coloured, but things happened in it. The reader could wallow in easy entertainment. In this book, until the improbable denouement, nothing whatever appears to happen apart from the movement of cardboard characters—the perfect Flash-Gordon astronaut, the paranoid negro, the all-wise President, the Red labour leader—with predesigned emotional clichés.

The space programme is not quite so boring as Mr Drury manages to make it, nor are the people in it so predictable.

## SHORT REPORTS

Flash for Freedom! by George MacDonald Fraser (Barrie & Jenkins £1.75). Crooked card game with Dismal plunges super cad Flashman into slave trade. After disastrously oversteering Mississippi lady and bar plantation, he escapes lynching, encounters Congressman Lincoln and dodges justice. Packed with anachronisms, brutality and male chauvinism, cunningly redeemed by hero's cheek, charm and hilarious cowardice.

Light Years by Reznay, translated from the French by A. M. Sheridan Smith (Macdonald £3.50 pp 382). After mother's death in Poland, young Cyrus's astrologer father takes him to Paris. A bizarre life follows, involving White Russian stepmother, weird schooling, adolescent love, extraneous lusts, suspected collaboration in Vichy France, before he takes to art. Surreal, bawdy and sparkling with undisciplined talent.

Summer of the Red Wolf by Morris West (Heinemann £2.10). Deceptively simple tale of a journey to the Western Isles by a disillusioned man whose only desire is to let the rest of the world go to hell. From problems of love and jealousy he finds there is no escape and the punch, when it comes, is deadly. Bright evocative prose, but with a touch of the purple passages.

## A magnificent story

UNDER THE COLORS by Milovan Djilas, translated from the Serbo-Croat by Lovett F Edwards/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich £3.10 pp 557

IN A FREE STATE by V S Naipaul/Andre Deutsch £1.75

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE by Paul Scott/Heinemann £2.75

THE DISINHERITED by Peter Forster/Eyre &amp; Spottiswoode £2.25

JOHN WHITLEY

MILOVAN DJILAS must be one of the great storytellers of our age: for all the five hundred pages of his rambling novel *Under the Colors* he carries the reader with him, without giving any explanation of the history or geography of his story and precious little of the Turkish and Serb words that buzz like accented wasps on every page. The place is the Balkans, the time about a hundred years ago. The Turkish dictatorship is slowly being rolled back by the ferocious Serbian warriors of the young state of Montenegro led by Milan Vukotić and supported by the Great Powers. But in between, as ever, are caught the little people, in particular those around the Southern garrison town of Ploce, and it is to the Turkish torturer here that Anto, the chief of the Radak clan, is taken for interrogation. This opening scene of the book catches the whole atmosphere of imperial brutality: the Turks know, and Anto knows, that their rule is ended but torture and tortured go through the ritual of oppression out of habit.

It is a marvellously written prison scene, full of provoking meditations on the nature of God and of pain, which draws presumably on Djilas' own experiences as well as having a present-day relevance, and ends with a broken Anto returning to his village to prepare for the Turks. But in his absence the clan has already split between rebels and pacifiers, the former under Grgur, Anto's eldest son, who eventually leads the village into battle against some Turkish terrorists and so has to flee to the Montenegrin army; the book ends with that army's defeat before Ploce itself, a magnificent and imposing description of warfare evidently inspired by Tolstoy.

Inside this broad historical canvas Djilas moves about with astonishing fluidity and verve: after a series of chapters described from the viewpoints of different generations of Radaks—the angry son, the murdering trader, the man who suddenly switches to two young Turkish girls in their Muslim stronghold.

Few writers could so easily and convincingly convey the depths of the two cultures as they clash: the indestructible love of the soil that inspires the one and the sense of imperial destiny that drives on the other. Evidently there are many modern parallels to be drawn from this book, above all the duty of resistance, but it is a timeless work, to be read with anguish and with gratitude.

V. S. NAIPAUL is also concerned with empire in decline: the preoccupation of his *In a Free State* is with the humiliations that breed so fruitfully in such a situation. The main part of this "sequence novel" is a veritable seasaw of humiliations. It takes place during a two-day drive across a Central African state, newly independent, by a disparate European couple: Bobby, a young, resentful, homosexual homosexual, and Linda, the waspish but lightweight man-eating wife of a colleague. As Bobby drives them home from the capital, through the extraordinary landscape and past its no less extraordinary inhabitants, rumours, come and go of a battle between the president and the old king, a background of actual violence which follows them like a thunderstorm.

And as they drive along their desultory conversation is one of the best of the novel—about the scenery, about rudimentary aesthetics, about personality—in which Linda is an easy victor, for Bobby, as he himself realises,

is perpetually in pursuit of self-humiliation. So he tells her of his homosexuality, of his betrayal of the friend who brought him out to Africa and so runs parallel to his own huddling of waters and garage attendants until the two currents merge at a roadblock intended for the feeling king at which Bobby is beaten up by his own soldiers. This is a fascinating piece of adventure, the more so because Mr Naipaul is relatively sparing of his talent for dialogue and uses instead a brilliant descriptive skill so that the emotional situation in the car is mirrored or balanced by activities of the clouds and the bush—one of the most convincing pictures of Equatorial Africa I have ever read and curiously close to the Great African novel. Beyond and above this, though, is the problem of dominance of master and servant, ruler and ruled. It is expanded in two further fine novellas, reflections on colonial poverty and discrimination, as well as in the opening short story of an English tramp aboard a Mediterranean steamer and the final coda, in which the narrator intervenes to stop tourists persecuting Egyptian beggar-children. No answer is given (except perhaps that it is intolerable that certain people, the tramp, Bobby, the Egyptian children, should embrace their humiliation), but the problem is posed in such a forceful and immediate way that the book is totally absorbing.

IN Paul Scott's *The Towers of Silence* it is the approach of the second European war that makes the decade in the East Empire evident to the officers and wives in the hill station of Pankot; and their thoughts turn immediately to Amritsar where in 1919 rebellious natives were shot without mercy. But, undermined by the new "peace" from above, even the most peppy and unpromising major can only bluster and eventually the army of the Raj marches off knowing that the way of life it is fighting for is already condemned.

Mr Scott makes a good deal of this dramatic social watershed but his regimental characters seem thin ghosts from the past, their preoccupations less solid than in the earlier books of his Indian series; unreal beside their breed in the Indian Raj. In Brian Aldiss' "Soldier Erect" it is much more successful with his main character, Barbara, a retired mission teacher who comes to the station to live with a lonely and rich widow: their relationship and its ultimate failure is most delicately conveyed and so is even class Barbara's position vis-à-vis the snobbish regimentals—a saintly forgiveness which ultimately drives her mad.

The collapse of the Empire came as a shock to Peter Forster's heroes in *The Disinherited*, only they make up in it only at the Suez invasion of about fifteen years later. This novel completes the trilogy about the growing up of plump and extrovert Alex Smith and his observant friend Tony. In the final coda, during Churchill's funeral, Alex has ended up as a television person and Tony is a successful publisher. "The Disinherited"—disinherited that is, of their imperial birthright—is a good deal more fun than "Play the Man," its predecessor, perhaps because its situations are closer and more easily recognisable—Saturday night parties, the emergence of television, first and frustrated tastes of adult love. But although Mr Forster is excellent at describing scenes, his people seem too close to cardboard, unimportant puppets; and can one really ignore the invasion of Hungary?

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New York Times

THE ZOO GANG by Paul Gallico/Heinemann £1.80

THE SUNS OF BADARANE by Pierre Laver/Macdonald £2.25

PHILIP NORMAN

PAUL GALLICO has invented a hero in *The Zoo Gang*. He is Colonel Roquebrun. In the French Resistance he was known as The Fox; now he is a disguised antiquarian dealer on the coast of Azur. He and his old Aquas brothers, known anachronistically as the Tiger, the Elephant, the Leopard and the Wolf, reunite to intercept—and indeed often massacre—any criminals who threaten the ordinary tourist's sharpness of the coastline to which Mr Gallico has himself so conservatively attached.

It is slightly irritating that, on its dust-cover, the book seems to masquerade as a novel in fact it holds one short story and three long. Why should it matter? The book is by a good writer, not such a common thing these days, and washed in oily sun and resounding at times with the romantic names of the French detective agencies. At one priceless moment the Zoo Gang hijacks a shipment of drugs concealed under a Nice carnival float, then in a disused opera house they eliminate the Seven Dwarfs who are unpacking it. You'll love

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a first-class editorial and general service run by book-lovers. October to March Choices: Involuntary Journey to Siberia by Andrei Amalrik, "Detailed description of life in the intellectual and artistic circles of Moscow" *Sunday Telegraph*; The Blood of a Briton by Anthony Glyn, "Perceptive account of the habits, peculiarities and mannerisms of the British nation" *Birmingham Evening Mail*; I M Barwick: The Man Behind the Image by Janet Dumbur, "The man she reveals is living, breathing, unhappier and more appealing than his image" *Economist*; A Girl Grew Up in Russia by Eliza Vela Fen, "Description of Russian fields, woods and rivers worthy of Turgenev" *Sunday Times*; East of Trebizond by Michael Pereira, "An absorbing insight into life in the remote Pontic Alps" *Economist*; An Eye for a Bird by Eric Hosking with Frank Lane, "Exquisite photographs, products of Job's patience and a mountaineer's nerve" *Observer*.

COVER picture of *The Nineteenth Century*, edited by Asa Briggs, described by the *Times Educational Supplement* as "a splendid and luxuriously illustrated survey," and by the *Sunday Times* as a book "about what was really happening, not what seemed to be happening." November Optional £3.

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## O' Casey

SEAN by Eileen O'Casey  
Macmillan/£3.25 pp 320  
PETER LENNON

"HIS WAS a truly Christian nature, one of the kindest and most genuine men that I have known..." A saintly man, Sean O'Casey—and the tribute comes from a mindboggling source: Harold Macmillan. But Eileen O'Casey's story, which is as genuine as its subject, establishes casually how easy it must have been for anyone to appreciate the publicly quarrelsome, privately angelic, Dublin Communist with the radiant gift for words.

O'Casey seems to have been blessed with a wife as unaffected and spontaneous as he was (although she would certainly wish to share credit with her book's editor, J. C. Trewin).

Irish born, brought up in England, Eileen Carey's meeting with O'Casey is almost posthumously romantic. When she was a bit player in a New York comedy someone gave her "Juno and the Paycock," which moved her so profoundly that she decided she must return to England and meet the author.

She did. He was much older than she—forty-seven when they married—but they were together for thirty-eight years. She was in on the celebrated row with the Abbey: Yeats' condescending letter of rejection. "Dear Casey," and Shaw's soothing letter: "He (Yeats) is not a man of this world; and when you hurt an enormous smashing chunk of it at him, he dodges it, small blame to him."

Like his own Cap'n Boyle, O'Casey was a man who had seen things that no mortal should speak about that knows his Catholicism: fortunately, brought up a Protestant, he did not know his Catholicism and he could never hold his tongue. Eileen O'Casey brings him to life in reminiscence sprinkled with anecdotes of the famous: the Shaws, Tallulah Bankhead, Barry Fitzgerald, Jim Larkin, T. E. Lawrence. Her narrative rises admirably to the chill tragedy of the death of their 22-year-old son Niall from leukaemia.

He has a great phrase describing his feelings travelling in a mourning car: he said it gave him a "kind of threepassin' joy." Reading this book one sometimes feels much the same.

## Eye of newt and toe of frog

THE CASE OF THE MIDWIFE TOAD by Arthur Koestler/Hutchinson £2  
GEORGE STEINER



Lamarck and Darwin: theories of acquired characteristics and the genetics of hazard

HOW HAS the design for an amoeba evolved into that for man? Very gradually, answer Darwinism and modern genetics. The genetic endowment is transmitted down the generations from parents to offspring. It is unaffected by anything that may happen to its transient carriers in their lifetime.

Occasionally, however, the chromosomes of the germ cells are affected by events on a microscopic scale. These spontaneous changes in the molecular structure of the chromosomes are called "mutations." They are random and the vast majority will produce damaging or lethal effects. But now and again the mutation is a positive one. It will endow the carrier of the altered genetic material with some biological advantage. This advantage will be preserved and carried over to the species by the slow logic of natural selection. Change, time and the survival of the fittest favourably endowed can account for the transformation of the most rudimentary monocellular organisms into the fragile miracle that is man.

In conjunction with Mendelian genetics and the recent "decoding" of the molecular structure of DNA, Darwinism represents one of the principal triumphs of scientific understanding. It draws on a vast body of observational and experimental evidence at almost every point and scale in nature. Nevertheless, it is fair to say that certain obstinate difficulties have haunted it from the outset.

Toward the end of his life, Darwin's great publicist, T. H. Huxley, confessed that the evolution of language and of the human intellect appeared to require more time and "directability" than orthodox Darwinism allowed. There are elements in the speed and precision of adaptive response which bacilli show toward antibiotics that seem hard to account for along lines of random mutation and evolutionary selection. Darwin himself had doubts and was seriously troubled by the literal "diseases" of his grand scheme.

He inserted a new chapter in the sixth edition of "The Origin of Species" replete with intellectual reservations and Lamarckian examples.

According to Lamarck, evolution is not a matter of hazard. Each generation profits from the

mediately before and after the first world war, he achieved a blaze of journalistic renown. A number of his experiments seemed to demonstrate that adaptive traits developed by various amphibians under strictly controlled environmental conditions were then transmitted to the next generation.

Many biologists and zoologists were inclined to believe that Lamarck had proved his case or, at least, raised problems which would compel a fundamental revision of Darwinism. But others viewed him as a dangerous charlatan. The sole remaining specimen in one of Lamarck's most famous (but not necessarily crucial) experiments was found to have been doctored. A few weeks later, in September, 1926, Lamarck shot himself.

Arthur Koestler's enthralling monograph is more than a biography of a fiercely gifted but unstable and over-extended human being. It is a review of the current state of play between neo-Darwinian theory and the tenacious persistence or recurrence of "Lamarckian" possibilities. (Witness the controversies now raging over experiments which suggest that skills and memories are specifically transmitted to the next generation along purposeful lines. It satisfies Einstein's postulate that God and nature do not play at dice.)

Unfortunately, the Lamarckian case suffered from a fatal weakness: it offered no verifiable or even theoretically acceptable explanation of how an acquired bodily or mental trait can cause a change in the genetic blueprint. There was no known biochemical mechanism which will, from the outside as it were, cause alterations in the structure of the chromosomes. (There is some very recent evidence that viruses might do the trick.)

Time and again individual scientists or research teams, motivated by doubts about Darwinism or by an ideology of ordered progress, such as Marxism, have striven to find such proof. Few have done so with more brilliance and concentration than the Austrian biologist Dr Paul Kammerer, experimenting with salamanders, newts and toads under laboratory conditions. Im-

mediately before and after the first world war, he achieved a blaze of journalistic renown. A number of his experiments seemed to demonstrate that adaptive traits developed by various amphibians under strictly controlled environmental conditions were then transmitted to the next generation.

But what of the case itself? As Koestler reiterates, no one has bothered to re-run Kammerer's experiments. There are, moreover, exceptionally gifted experimentalists whose results cannot always be duplicated by others. As we discover more about the intricate organisation of genetic coding, as the notion of "transmitted information" passes from metaphor to bio-chemical reality, certain Lamarckian ideas again look challenging. If, as one suspects, God is somewhat like Kafka, it will emerge that the truth lurks in odd corners and that small particles of it may come out of false mouths—such as Lysenko's.

Today it is certainly possible to suggest that Darwinism is not the whole picture, that the interactions between environment and heredity are at once more complex and focused than random mutation plus natural selection would suggest. Even our classical concept of probability is beginning to need overhauling, so the Darwinian definition of what is "advantageous" now looks in need of considerable refinement and re-examination. This does not mean that Kammerer was right or that his work will make any contribution to a future genetics. He remains a marginal, blurred case.

But it does mean that academic orthodoxies, whether in biology, linguistics or psychology, need constant watching: and that one must oppose wherever possible the grey savagery which the established visit upon the uprooted and the visionary. This, above all, is Koestler's point.

THE ARTS

endpiece

a fallible guide to

arts form this week

THEATRE

Celtic Fire (Casson Studio Theatre, tomorrow). G. O. M. Jones's Life and Times of Dr William Price, nineteenth-century advocate of free love. It's a world premiere directed by Michael Gellat.

A Diet of Women (Sadler's Wells Theatre, Tues.). New translation by Miles Volonakis of Aristophanes' heavily comedy for the Oxford Playhouse Co. Volonakis also directs.

FILMS

Walkabout (Rialto, Thurs.). Much-estimated movie of two children lost in the Australian desert. Nicholas Ruge directed it. Jenny Agutter stars. The Tour (Prince Charles, Thurs.). The latest Ingmar Bergman dive into complicated relationships. With American Elliott Gould intruding into the usual Scandinavian crowd—Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, etc.

MUSIC

New BBC series (St John's, Smith Square, tomorrow). First of seven concerts with the BBC Symphony. Strong accent throughout on Haydn, John Eliot Gardiner conducts. Tickets from £35 8418.

ART

Edward Barra (Lefevre Gallery, Thurs.). A retrospective covering the years 1925-1950. Exhibition will include one of his rare oils, "The Bakery, Toulon."

JAZZ/POP

Deep Purple (Albert Hall, tomorrow). Apparently battling for a top position among British rock groups. Heavy but musical too.

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IN MY FASHION

# THEY MAKE SCENES by Ernestine Carter



JULIA TREVELYAN OMAN

JULIA TREVELYAN OMAN's life is fuller than even the fat black notebook she is never without can cope with. She had just come back from Brighton where she had one for the opening of Alan Bennett's new play, "Getting on" for which she has done the costumes and sets. [The play opens in London at the Queen's on October 14.]

Even more importantly she had just got married less than two weeks ago. She was calm about the opening, merely remarking that within a month of being "Othello" for Stratford, in the 1950s, she had done a costume play — "I feel like a sort of chameleon."

She was less calm about her opponent with Dr Roy Strong, director of the National Portrait Gallery. "We haven't had time on a honeymoon," she says, a little breathlessly. "It's a four-year marriage."

The museum world is not strange to Miss Oman, for her father was Keeper of Metal Work at the Victoria and Albert, and when she and Dr Strong were in wedding together, she gathered material for "Eugene O'Neill" (first performed at the Gaiety last February) by museums they had, she said, marvellous combined time

The colour and quality of materials are vital. White is a colour she always "dips down; it jumps so terribly." And she was enchanted when the production wardrobe sent her a bouquet after her wedding of "pale yellow roses, with coffee lace all round and a yellow bow," for it showed that they had got the message, of what she wanted for "Othello."

For the wedding cake in "Charge of the Light Brigade," she tracked down a retired master baker who made two cakes to her design: "yellow sugar, with hand-carved sugar roses." (There had to be two, she explained, for you can't put make-up over a cracked cake.) To Miss Oman, sets are the "big bones," decorative details like the cake are "fun."

Lincoln Kirstein, founder of the New York City Ballet, in his massive book "Movement and Metaphor — four centuries of ballet" seems to me to sum up Miss Oman's special talent. Of "Enigma Variations," he says "she made clothes that were hardly costumes, a site far more than scenery. The tweed suits and mullin dresses looked as if they had always been worn by individuals who chose them with care."

He notes the witty accuracy of her detail, "the clip of hair, the twist of moustache, cuff links, watch chain, gaiters, spectacles, bowler or stalking hat."

Miss Oman's career has been well-documented: Wimbledon School of Art; the Royal College of Art (where she studied under Sir Hugh Casson, and where, despite a bout of typhoid fever, she came out with a First and a Silver Medal); television where she was the youngest person to become a design assistant and where she first worked with Patrick Garland on the Famous Gossips series which flowered into "Brief Lives," "Alice in Wonderland" for TV for which she won the Designer of the Year Award, and which brought her The Charge of the Light Brigade (in which she played two walk-ons); the "Enigma Variations" for the Royal Ballet; Jonathan Miller's "Merchant of Venice" at the National Theatre; "Eugene O'Neill" for the Royal Opera House; "Othello" for the Royal Shakespeare Company (the theatre's triple crown within fifteen months).

In between she designed the Samuel Pepys exhibition for the National Portrait Gallery, a film for Sam Peckinpah starring Dustin Hoffman which will take her and her husband to America toward Thanksgiving for the opening and Verdi's "Falstaff" for the Hamburg State Opera.

It is well known that Dr Strong's other love is Elizabeth I (five of his six books have been about Elizabeth or at least Elizabethan), and Miss Oman first met him when she took an engraving of Queen Elizabeth I to the National Portrait Gallery to be vetted. "Ours is," says Dr Strong, "the first marriage the Virgin Queen ever arranged."

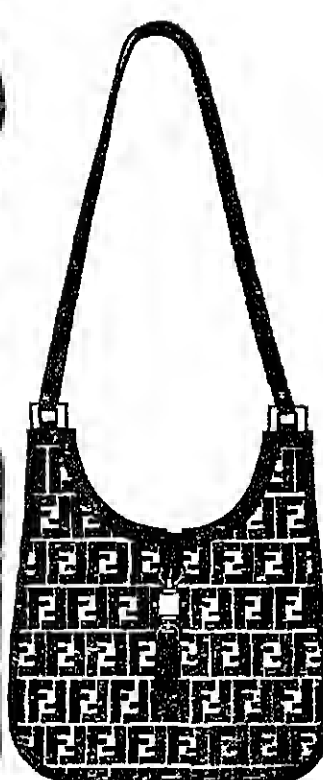
The Stronges are collaborating on a book "Elizabeth I" which Secker & Warburg will publish next month. Dr Strong provides the text, Miss Oman the design. "It is," says Dr Strong, "a kind of Queen Elizabeth's My Day."

There are the jewels she lost, which Miss Oman has taken from portraits and set out in jewel patterns ("Her wardrobe mistress didn't find them on properly; I'd have ticked her off"). There are the Queen's fans, the Queen's feet, the Queen's face, the Queen's hands, the Queen's Hunt, the Queen's gardens, the Queen's flowers all illustrated with details from the portraits, "tricked out" by Miss Oman. Then there are the domestic details ("they suit Julia to the ground" says her husband): carpets, panelling, chair knobs, chair backs.

It is a fantasy book, sheer pleasure and delight," say the Stronges, but they add, "accurate."



Photograph by Steve Hiett Hair by Darrell at Vidal Sassoon



Drawing by David Tili

THE SMALL HEAD, Right, Otto Lucas backs the small hat, in cream velours, velvet in brown, with a sharing brush of brown and cream clipped ostrich, £16.50 at Debenhams & Freebody's new millinery room.

Left, Walter Albini backs the small hat, in brown velvet piped in brown grosgrain, £10 at Brown's. (Just showing, Bellville Sassoon's brown velvet short-sleeved frock over a silk print dress.)

THE STATUS SIGNATURE, Louis Vuitton began it on luggage, and his LVs, dark brown on cream, became a status symbol for travellers. Now others have followed his initial start.

Above, Gucci puts brown Gs on a cream canvas bucket bag with a brown fishnet cord pocket, cord handle, gilt clasps, £32.50 at Gucci.

Below, Christian Dior puts brown CDs on a cream carry-all, brown leather band, gilt clasps, £15 at Christian Dior-London.

Left, Fendi puts Fs, heads and tails, on a mustard canvas flat shoulder bag, brown leather trimmed, gilt clasps, £22, exclusive to Piero di Monzi.

NATASHA KROLL says that after "Rasputin," the biggest play she has ever done for TV (it will be shown next month), she went to bed. When you've worked night and day for six days, you have to.

Unlike Julia Trevelyan Oman, Miss Kroll does only sets. She has designed for films ("The Music Lovers" for Ken Russell was her first feature film) but never for the stage, although she would like to.

Unlike Miss Oman she didn't start with TV. She came to the BBC after a distinguished career in shop display. Indeed her RDI which she was given in 1966 (the sixth woman to be so honoured) was for shop display as well as television design.

Miss Kroll, whose soft voice is still delicately accented, left Russia when she was nine, when her family moved to Berlin. There she attended the Reinmann Art School. When the school moved to London, Miss Kroll moved with it, to become at 19 an assistant teacher in window display. With the start of the war, the school closed.

For a time Miss Kroll was out of work. "I lived," she recalls, "on 12 shillings a week." Then she got a job with Rowntrees of Scarborough and York. After a time, Miss Kroll decided she wanted to get back to London. "I wrote to all the stores in London. Selfridges and Simpson replied," Miss Kroll chose Simpson, because she thought it was a better size.

She went there in 1942. The store had, she says, an atmosphere that encouraged contemporary thinking. Miss Kroll had come as an assistant in display, but she was soon made head of display, design and presentation.

After 12 years at Simpson, Miss Kroll was asked if she would like to do some commercials. A friend of hers, Richard Levin, was Head of Design for the BBC. She asked him how much she should charge. He replied, "Don't work for these commercial people, come with me." She did.

Actually Miss Kroll would like to make some commercials. "Why not? In 30 seconds, you get to do quite a lot." For her productions she is officially given six weeks, "but you really have," she says, "two weeks to design it. Then you have to supervise construction and assemble props. You are actually in the studio only four or five days."

At the BBC Miss Kroll worked on Monitor, Tonight and Panorama. "I had to get rid of all preconceived ideas. No views out of windows at the house opposite. I worked with space and shapes, lights and shadows. When she started Miss Kroll says she didn't know how to use the camera's potential. "I had to watch everybody else."

Now, of course, she has mastered every technical trick. "I



NATASHA KROLL

don't take anything for granted," she says. "It is always easier when people say something can't be done, to say 'yes,' but I must try and see for myself."

Just as she was beginning to get fed up with her programmes, she was asked to do Gorki's "Lower Depths." It was a challenge and, as a Russian she felt she could give the sets authenticity. Then she gradually gave up the studio design unit and concentrated on drama.

"Lower Depths" obviously typecast Miss Kroll as a Russian specialist. She has done "The Three Sisters" (two years ago) and this year "The Cherry Orchard" and "Rasputin." And, of course, "The Music Lovers," too, is Russian. But for Yorkshire Television, she has got away from the samovar, for their production of Enid Bagnold's "The Chinese Prime Minister."

"When you work on something," says Miss Kroll, "you live on several planes." Miss Kroll's plane at home is delightful—a Victorian house in Putney, backing on to a deep garden and looking on to a skyline of trees. Inside there is a cosy collector's clutter—old mugs, glass goblets filled with stones, a clay duck, a painting on glass, a Mexican tin tray. And, of course, a television set.

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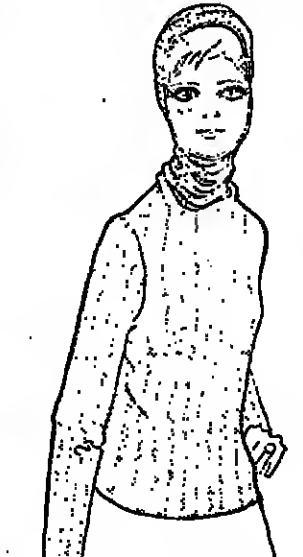
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Were you pleased to see your face this morning?

It could be you're one of those women who realises her end-of-summer face, however beautiful, isn't the face of today which should sparkle with health and vitality.

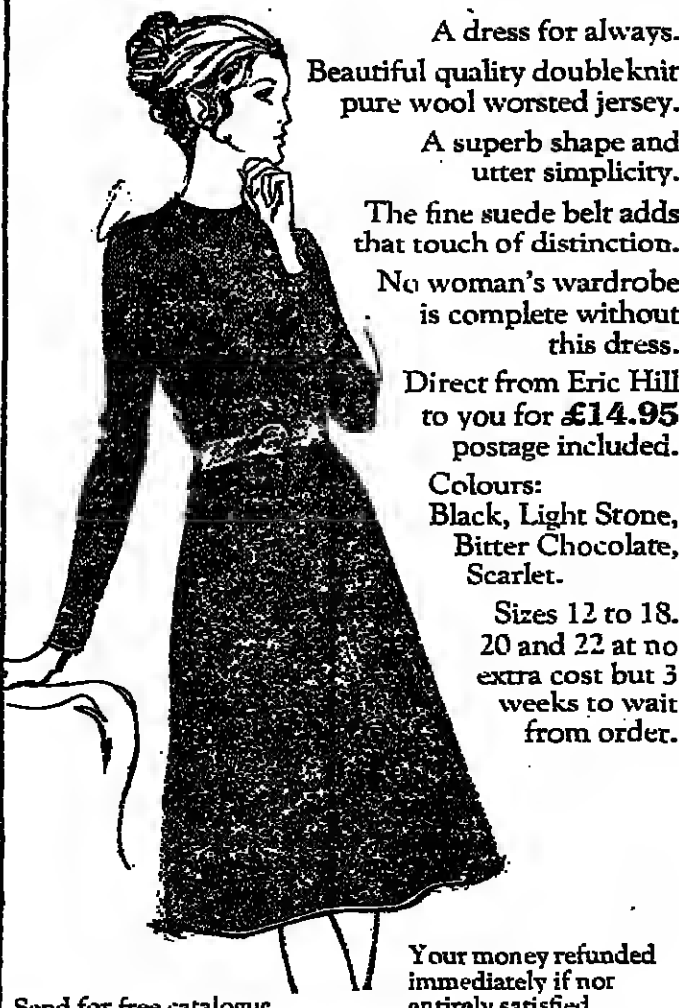
What was lovely then isn't lovely now. The golden glow turns sallow and even to wretched little wrinkles as well. Which makes autumn a splendid time for good resolutions.

And especially for now, Elizabeth Arden have produced a set called simply, "Cleanse, Tone, Nourish." This means melt-at-a-touch Cleansing Cream, the marvellous freshness of Skin Tonic and the soothing, smoothing action of Vitamin Cream, which works as well for winter-exposed skins as for sun-parched.

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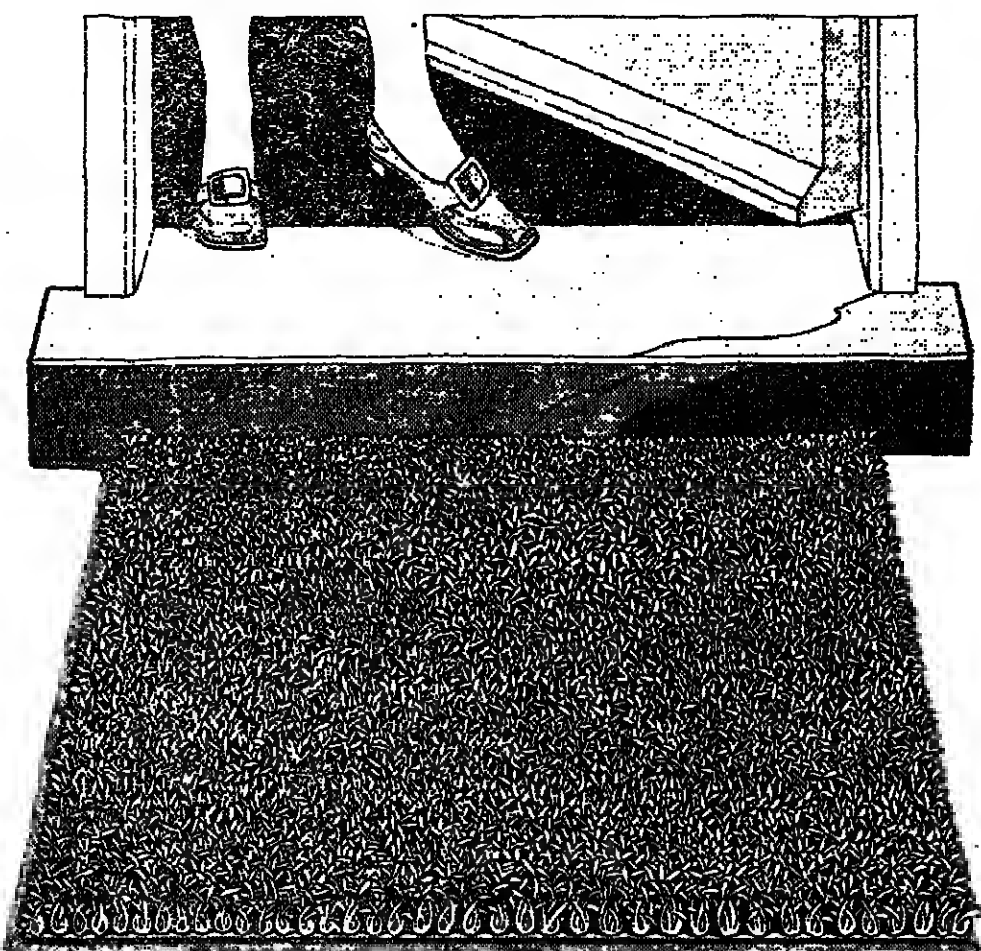
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# LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

**I**F YOU HAVE any views on abortion, by all means pass them on to Mrs Justice Lane's Committee on the Working of the Abortion Act. The committee naturally are most interested in comments from women who have actually had an abortion, although it should be remembered that the committee are not there to recommend changes in the grounds for an abortion. Write to the secretary, Mr R. P. S. Hughes, Room A407, Alexander Fleming House, London, SE1.

**L**EVER BROTHERS are about to relaunch Persil with a new formula. Ever since they started in 1909 they've been brand leaders, that is apart from the brief reign of the detergents. Persil has played a significant and enduring role in the history of advertising. The new campaign will feature a gang of happy, dirty little boys, the champion dirt collectors. As the drawing shows, the approach in the twenties was more genteel.

*The afternoon concert and the washing done*



**D**ENTAL STUDENTS at University College Hospital carried out a research project to discover what sort of dentist patients liked. The results were asked if they preferred a man or a woman, old or young, whether

they minded a dentist with a beard, long hair, and so on. UCH have decided not to make the results of the survey public. Clinics at the hospital believe this is because it showed that no patient liked any dentist of any kind.

**A** MEMBER of Look! had a knock on the door last week and found an official-looking person on the doorstep whispering. What with the roaring traffic and the hand cupped over his mouth, the message wasn't getting across. Only when he'd stepped into the hall were normal communications restored: "I'VE COME," he said quite distinctly, "TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR MICE." So there is some delicacy left in this world. In the fair at least they don't go yelling it to the neighbours that your house is lifting with vermin.

What to do when you have mice: call your local council and they'll send somebody round to put down little squares of paper with poison on them.

What to do if it doesn't work (and it doesn't always work, certainly not for ever): buy a cat.

What to do if you're too poor to buy a cat: have a word with Social Security who will give you an allowance. We know a girl who lives in Hampstead Heath and is allowed 20p a week for each of her two cats, both necessary apparently in that part of the world.

And if you can prove the necessity, you can always get your cat set against tax, which is a nice touch for those who like to screw the last penny from the Inland Revenue.

**MISS GRENADA** may have been opted out of this year's Miss World contest (remember that little trouble last year when she won, and the Premier of the country happened to be one of the judges?) and Jilly Cooper, one of the judges at the Miss United Kingdom contest, may never want to look at another girl again, but she's hope yet for lovers of true beauty.

Ivor Spencer, secretary of the

**G**uild of Professional Toastmasters, is starting a Miss Natural Beauty contest. Sensible clothes, no make-up, no false aids and no high heels which bear out the theory that the pressure underneath a stiletto is equal to four elephants standing on top of each other, the bottom jumbo being on one foot.

Ivor deplores the fading of the English rose, but says he's sure the species still exists and he intends to find her, between 17-21 years of age. The judges would be painters and sculptors and people like Harry Wheatcroft, who after all knows a good rose when he sees one.

The idea came to Ivor while attending a society wedding in London, when a noble lord was heard to murmur: "I doubt if the bridegroom will recognise his lovely bride in the morning."

**T**omb it may concern  
**B**urial  
Is a grave matter  
Not to be undertaken lightly  
**Graeme Brinsley Carter**

*If two live wires touch do they earth each other?—or just fuse?*

**Ossie Phillips**

## Ten Commandments for the Annual Dinner

**THIS** TIME next month my husband and I, if you will pardon the expression, will be attending our Annual Official Function. That is to say we will be donning our somewhat mothballed soup-and-fish, hiring a minicab and joining 500 other couples at a large West End hotel where an army of waiters, cued by hidden signals, will serve us with the standard halibut-in-white-sauce, roast turkey-with-duchesse-potatoes and cheese soufflé, followed by toastmasters' announcements, speeches from the Top Table and a hit of gentle dancing to Jo Bloggs and his Orchestra.

From long experience in the role of Lady Guest I have observed that very few of the couples, married or otherwise, are on speaking terms by the end of the evening. The Annual Official Function is part of the British way of life.

As a result of my studies I have drawn up Ten Commandments for Husbands Attending Official Functions which women may care to leave about in a prominent place such as the loo or the front seat of the car a day or so before the evening of the event.

If closely followed, I guarantee that for the first time post-functional recriminations and tight-lipped silences will disappear.

1. Thou shalt not disappear into

the bar with cronies immediately on arrival to engage in office gossip. (You've got the rest of the year to spread malicious rumours about your colleagues.)

2. Thou shalt not drink more than two large whiskies before dinner (if you want to stay the course that is).

3. Thou shalt not spend the whole of the meal flirting with the company secretary's wife on your left, leaving your wife on your right to endure the details of the sales manager's latest round of golf.

4. Thou shalt not consume the whole solitary bottle of Beaujolais on the table leaving thy neighbours to make do with the warm carafe of rock-type Empire table wine.

5. Thou shalt not be seen bribing the waiter to bring thee a large Scotch during the chairman's speech in the mistaken belief that this will go unobserved.

6. Thou shalt refrain from drawing attention to thyself by banging the table and laughing sycophantically when the managing director cracks his annual joke.

7. Thou shalt not groan, sigh or snore during the lady mayor's address even though the mike has broken down and she is totally inaudible.

8. Thou shalt not threaten at the top of thy voice to write to the organiser because thou hast

been seated behind a pillar with those thou feelest to be thy inferiors.

9. Thou shalt not, immediately upon the words "Take your partners" disappear in the direction of the gents, leaving thy lady to wait for half an hour in the company of the sales manager who is still stuck at the 14th hole.

10. Thou shalt not, on returning unsteadily to the table, announce that thou art unable to take the floor owing to a sudden attack of lumbago. Neither shalt thou finally drag thy partner from her seat with the words "Come on then, woman, let's get it over."

Should your husband read these rules carefully and agree to abide by at least half of them, I think you should give it another chance and get your Annual Function Dress out of the back of the cupboard. Should he, however, snort and throw the offending document into the waste paper basket, I suggest you cut your losses and announce on the morning of the party that you have suddenly been attacked by a mysterious bug and that you fear it would be anti-social to spread the infection.

After he's gone you can take a carefully secreted bottle of champagne out of the fridge and spend a quiet evening at home with the telly. Both you and your marriage will feel a lot better in the morning.

**Evelyn Torlesse**

**CHEAPEST STRIPES AROUND:** jolly jumpers, 15 of them for under £3—Back view: (left to right): Lightweight round-necked sweater by Peter London, £2.99. Blue denim flares, £4.95. Big felt beret by Edward Monn, £2.

Polo-necked ribbed wool sweater by John Craig, £2.90.

Two-tone brushed cotton denim jeans, £5.50. Felt pull-on hat by Edward Monn, £2.50.

Round-necked wool jumper, £1.75 from major branches of British Home Stores. Heavy cotton striped jeans, £4.95. Crochet cap by Edward Monn, £1.50. Stunning soft leather gloves with striped insets and beautiful colours. Designed by Mog for Homdon Glove Co., £4.80. Available by mail order from them at Stokes-sub-Hamdon, Somerset (Mortock 2219).

Thick-knit wool V-necked cardigan with striped front by Eton, £2.99. Worn beneath sleeveless lightweight vest top by

Peter London, £2.95. Tough denim flares with two back pockets, £4.95. Felt helmet by Edward Monn, £2.50.

Thick polo-necked sweater with striped back by Eton, £2.49. Multi-colour striped jeans, patch back pockets, £4.95. Wool beret by Edward Monn, £2.50.

Front view (left to right):

Fine long-sleeved striped sweater. Worn under thick-knit short-sleeved scoop-necked cardigan, both by John Craig, £1.95 each.

Acrylic roll-neck long-sleeved sweater by Eton, £1.99. Worn under acrylic sleeveless short vest by John Craig, £2.50.

Round-necked groovy-ish long-sleeved thin jumper by Dorothy Perkins, £1.95. Worn under thick crochet wool tank-top by John Craig, £2.50.

Thick-knit wool roll-collar long-sleeved sweater by Eton, £1.99. Worn under sleeveless pullover by Dorothy Perkins, £1.75. Round-necked ribbed skinny sweater by John Craig, £2.90.

## If women only dirty one dish in three—why do they have to do all the washing up?

There's no justice in this man's world. Hence (we suppose) Women's Lib. Start your Liberation Movement at home, by agitating for a dishwasher. It's high time British women had them. Their American and Continental sisters have-in far greater numbers. And not just any dishwasher either. A Colston. Because it's the best—though not by any means the most pricey. Never let it be said that women are irresponsible. In all the plus points—quiet turbo-jet wash action, immaculate wash, sparkling dry, no breakages, prompt service—Colston comes top.

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ST/15

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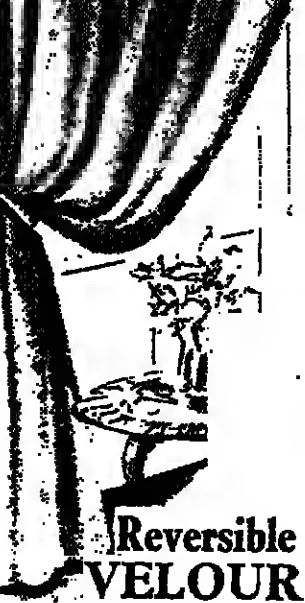
Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association,  
Vicarsgate Gate House,  
Vicarsgate Gate,  
Kensington, London, W.8.



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As for the rest of Vanity Fair, it rivets you with sight-searing plaid, sensuous fabrics, the scents and sounds of beauty, and the soft touch of Fashion Workshop's furry outlook. And whilst we're being

sensuous, we take a close look at that mysterious sixth sense.

Then there's the jacket success of the season - high-piled and handsome in colourful Borg with a beret to match - exclusive to you at £4.95.

Of course there's more in October Vanity Fair - but see for yourself tomorrow. On sale everywhere at only 15p.



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under acrylic thick scooped vest by John Craig, £1.50.

ists: Knitwear: Dorothy ins—available from all branches. Etam—from all s. Peter London—from all ches of Gays & Dolls. Craig—from Stop the Shop Just Looking, King's Road, W1; 2007, Oxford Street; ique, Islington; Marbles, de Arch, J. R. Taylor, Spool. Also from leading ment stores throughout country.

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## Ballet Shoes, still dancing 40 years on . . .

EVER SINCE Noel Streatfeild wrote Ballet Shoes some 40 years ago, little girls all over the world, whose hearts go pit-a-pat at the smell of a rose, have reached for the new Noel Streatfeild as automatically as for their morning cornflakes. Somewhat to her chagrin, she has become the sort of writer whose books are seldom reviewed, merely announced; she says she sometimes feels like a national monument "completely taken for granted."

Generations of these same little girls write to Miss Streatfeild in their thousands every year to ask her what ever happened to the Fossils and the Bell Family

I asked the French pair To give me the kiss of life But she said You must be choking

David Temper

# LOOK!

and all the other Streatfeild characters who are as real to them as their own families. They also ask lots of questions about herself, which is why the third volume of her autobiography Beyond the Vicarage (Collins, 22) was published last week.

Miss Streatfeild in the flesh is very unmonumental, as astringent and down-to-earth in conversation as she is in her writing. She sits on a brocade sofa in her little Belgrave maisonette, smoking a cigarette in an intriguing holder which is ringed round a well-manicured finger. Every volume of her autobiography is called after the vicarage in which she grew up and haunts her to the extent that she has to steel herself to enter any vicarage to this day. Life in the vicarage before the First World War was muted and repressive and Noel was always the rebel in the family.

"On Sundays we all had to learn the collect for the day before breakfast and at breakfast we had to recite it and then we were asked the catechism and I was always bottom because the first question was 'What is your name, M or N?' and my name was Mary Noel so I always said 'Both'."

"My birthday was Christmas Eve, which is why I was called Noel, and nobody seemed to realise that this meant I only got half the presents and half the cake than any of the other children. Instead they said 'What a lucky girl to share the birthday of our Lord,' in hushed voices. My dear, you've never heard a hushed voice until you'd heard them."

When she escaped, she escaped properly, travelling round the world as an actress and relishing the gaiety of the Twenties and Thirties. When family circumstances changed and she decided to write for a living, the only way she could resist the invitations which disrupted her work was to stay in bed and write, which she still does.

She's writing another novel for children and a book about



Noel Streatfeild: novel after novel written in bed

about her health and making a stern effort to keep up to date and see lots of young people.

One thing she has noticed in 40 years writing for children is that children have hardly changed at all. She still gets exactly the same letters as she did then and she disagrees strongly with the current belief that children want to read about people like themselves, and not about wealthy middle-class families in big houses and boarding schools.

"I tell you what children would really like to know about," she says, from a lifetime's experience. "Not about themselves, they'd really like the inside story of the Buckingham Palace nurseries, something like that."

Lesley Garner

## Weathered brown age spots? new cream fades them away



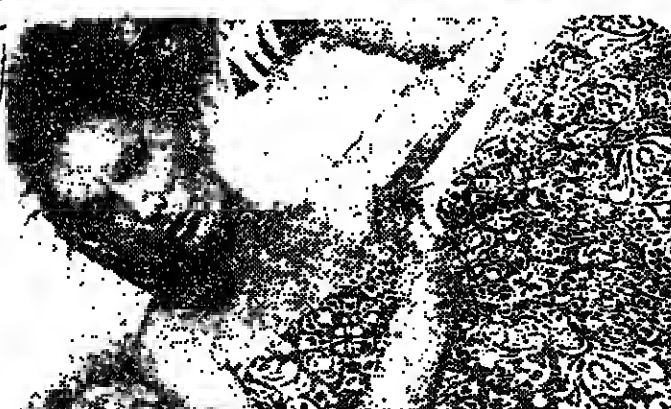
athered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face l the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really e. A new cream called Esoterica fades them away, as it sturizes, lubricates the skin. Masses of pigment break up, ighness disappears, your skin looks clearer, younger. ebrica works equally well on hands, face, us and neck. If you want your skin fairer, nger looking, start using terica. Original or Facial £1.65.

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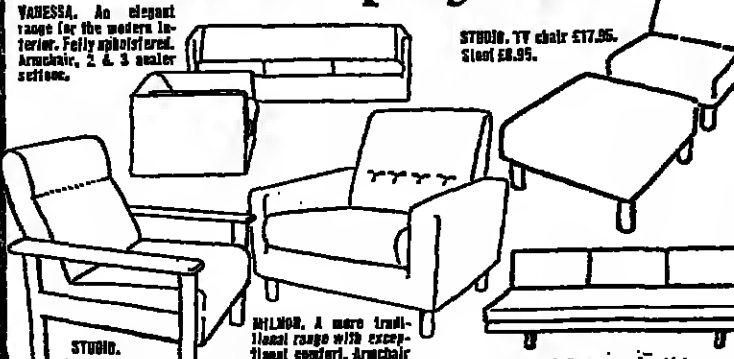
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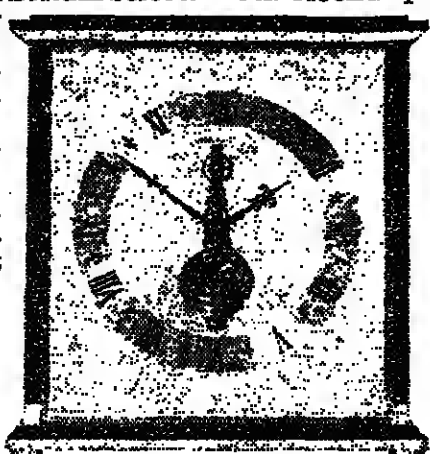


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## Jilly Cooper on style

LAST WEEK I had a great experience—lunch with David Niven. Our aim was to discuss his autobiography—which incidentally is one of the funniest books I've read in ages—but instead we discussed everything else under the sun and had such a ball that afterwards the only thing I could be positive about was here was a man with great style.

But what exactly do we mean when we say someone has style? Certainly it is a quality you feel rather than see. You can be as beautiful as the dawn and have no style at all. People with style possess a certain indefinable something that sets them aside from the crowd; they seem to have recognised and cultivated their own particular individuality. Whatever it is, it is never eccentric or outlandish—they do it with conviction and dash. They have the courage to be themselves.

David Niven's brand of style consists of doing and saying exactly the right thing at the right moment. Other people with style dazzle you into thinking the wrong thing is right—wearing bedroom slippers with a ball-gown, perhaps, or someone else's husband with maroon. José Ferrer playing Cyrano de Bergerac, for example, had such style that by the end of the film his huge deformity no longer looked natural and believable and everyone else's noses looked insignificant and undersized.

People with style, in fact, break all the rules and get away with it. Bankhead, Just William, Mr Kruschew—but not Cary Grant, he's too careful to grow old gracefully.

Style has nothing to do with class. Fishmongers have style in abundance, so do mongrels—one has only to look at them jauntily circumnavigating the traffic, curly tails askew. Pedigree dogs are too jumpy and eager to please to have any style. Brumettes have much more style than hondees—to make up for not being preferred, I suppose.

My English mistress at school first made me conscious of style. She was tall and gaunt with snapping dark eyes and jet black hair. She wore a lot of red and alternately cackled with laughter and erupted into rage. But the moment she came into the classroom, the dingy overhead light bulbs seemed to quadruple their intensity, and we would suddenly become aware of the great coloured world awaiting us beyond the school gates.

Since then I have tried very hard to acquire style. When I was younger I used to make dramatic entrances at parties, standing in the doorway, my head thrown back. If no one took any notice of me, I would go out and come in again. Today when I'm slopping along Lillie Road, I try to think tall and bold myself properly.

"Her carriage is superb," I imagine every passer-by saying to himself, then I trip over an uneven paving stone and the whole image is shattered.

Style, of course, is the ability to make the grand gesture. Squire Mytton setting fire to his night-shirt to cure the hiccup, the Countess of Desmond climbing an apple tree at the age of 140 and falling to her death in a shower of glittering golden apples, Thurber wandering into the Corn Exchange throwing down a handful of corn, and saying: "Exchange that."

Style is also insouciance—a dreadful ability to disregard the feelings of others. A recent diplomatic party at a private house was scheduled to end at 11.30, but suddenly took off, and the champagne roar was still going at five o'clock the following morning, by which time the neighbours started complaining. Whereupon a senior

\* The Moon's a Bollom (to be published on October 11 by Hamish Hamilton at £2.50).

ambassador's wife was heard to say: "Don't bother about them, they ought to be getting ready to go to work by now."

Pure Marie Antoinette. No one looks stylish in a bath cap, particularly men. On the other hand it's how to give your lovers black velvet to drink when you're lying in your bath like the Evelyn Waugh heroine. It's also stylish to have an ordnance survey map of your estate to give chums visiting you by private plane, and even more stylish, as one chum did, to land by helicopter in the wrong garden and decimate 1000 roses.

Style comes with age and self-confidence. One thinks of Methusalem and Captain Clay. Most children under four have style, then people start telling them not to show off and they're shunted off to school to get the stuffing knocked out of them, and don't regain any style until well into their twenties.

Television is deliberately anti-style. It over-exposes people so much that the public become bored of them before they have time to develop any idiosyncrasies. Besides, if you're inviting someone into your front room, I suppose you'd rather they behaved like the boy next door than some exotic eccentric Lady Muck.

There are exceptions. Flip Wilson has great style, so does Dimbleby and that divine fox in the Fox's Glacier Mint commercials. Jack de Manio has more style than the whole of BBC radio put together. Andy Williams, Des O'Connor, Val Doonican and their father Perry Como are all the same person and he doesn't have any style at all. John Neville had great style as Marlborough in The First Churchills, even though that ludicrous wig made him look like something out of The First Crusades. Susan Hampshire is so refined she's got "stale," hardly surprising after all those Forsyte instalments.

Danny la Rue has great style dressed as a woman. Mrs Grundy has no style dressed as Lord Longford, nor do any of those other Festival of Lime-light seekers. Male nurses have style. So did Charles II. Madame de Staël, presumably had Staël, and erupted into rage. But the moment she moved on to a host of others.

There isn't much style in literature today, either. I'm bored of all those downbeats greyly celebrating their neuroses. I crave the glittering artificiality of Oscar Wilde and Noel Coward, the devastating wit of Evelyn Waugh and Nancy Mitford.

People with style, I suppose, get away with murder. Jack the Ripper had style, but I can't say the same for Geoff the Rippon, and the rest of that knockabout comedy team at Westminster. Alpha, Barter, Thatcher, Walker and Come into the Garden Mandling. Harold Wilson had style—but he's so devious I'm sure if he took you out for a slap-up evening, he'd send you four dozen red herrings the next morning. Lovely George Brown had more style than was good for him and seeing the Lords Avon and Butler occasionally on telly makes one realise what style and dignity they had compared with today's motley collection.

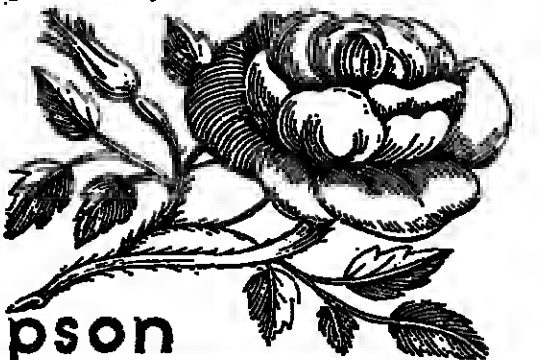
Finally, style seems to me to be a healthy disregard for other nations' customs—a refusal to compromise. Like the distinguished American lady who sat next to a man I know at a grand dinner in the city. She chattered incessantly and blew smoke all over him through each course. Finally the chairman rose to his feet saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Queen."

Whereupon the distinguished American lady leapt to her feet, crying: "Where is she, where is she? Introduce me at once."

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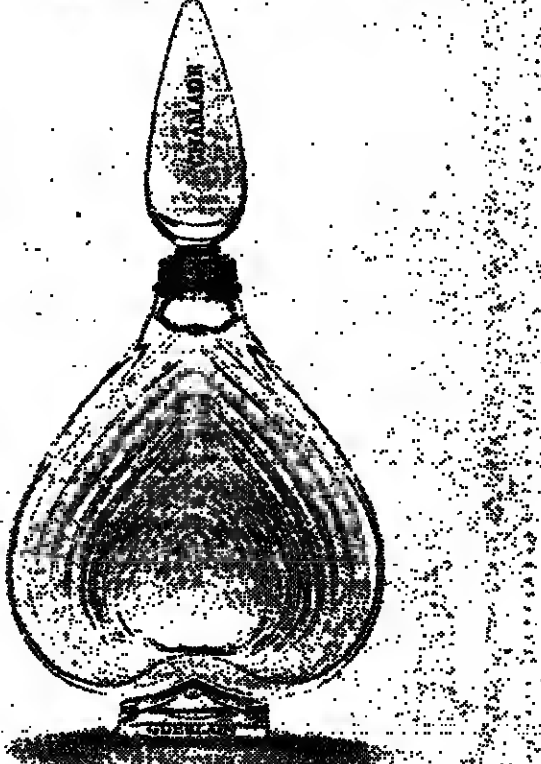


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# OCTOBER NOVA



## WARNING

THIS ISSUE MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO MEN'S HEALTH... AND EVERY WOMAN SHOULD FIND OUT WHY!

## NOVA

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# OCTOBER NOVA

everything women want to know about women. out now-20p

## LOOK!

### A blind dinner

FROZEN food has possibly got itself a poor image because so far it's been pretty plebeian fodder. Look! felt that a fairer judgment could be made by trying the more adventurous dishes now beginning to make their appearance, the gourmet end of the market.

We got a cook with a reputation for unyielding excellence and swore her to secrecy: she wasn't to tell the guests that dinner was frozen. She served pâté, sole bonne femme, duckling in orange sauce, all of which were frozen; then cheese from the incomparable Roche of Sobro and the cook's own huge apple tart with cream (a bit of a swizz these, since they weren't frozen, only thrown in to complete the seose of a banquet). With the tart our cook served a Chateau Coustet 1972 and confessed all. Jilly Cooper refused to believe any of it was frozen; but then you'd expect her to be rapturous about such a discovery since she pretends she can only cook cabbage. More impressive, Egon Ronay was full of praise—generally he has maintained an unrivalled lack of enthusiasm for frozen food. He's awfully polite, of course, but even so it was eloquent enough that he ate everything.

Our cook said it was the easiest meal she'd ever cooked. Making it all herself would have been no cheaper, she said, and there was no time to think of. She was most impressed by the sole bonne femme: it was boiled in its plastic bag for ten minutes and served. She said that all day all food comes this way will be the day she gives up cooking. The pâté was in a foil container, just left to defrost. The duckling in its sauce, also in foil, had merely to be heated in the oven. It all came from Alveston Kitchens, a company formed three years ago by John Docker and Mitchell Fisher. They were students of hotel management and cookery together and joined up in business with the conviction that there had to be a way of producing gourmet food with all the convenience of the humblest dishes available—pre-cooked and deep-frozen.

A great deal of experimentation went on at Docker's farmhouse kitchen at Alveston, near Stratford-on-Avon. The recipes used were classical French and Italian.

Their gastronomic and economic breakthrough was first proved by their taking over the restaurants at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford. They turned a heavy loss into a profit.

Meanwhile their outside business has flourished and their dishes are fairly widely available now: duckling à l'orange seems most popular at 121p for two portions; the pâté was 781p for six; beef bourguignon is 100p for two; but for a full list of dishes and availability write to Alveston Kitchens, Timothy's Bridge Road, Stratford. There are catering packs, too, but you need deep-freezers for those, and about deep-freezers—more in Look! next Sunday.

#### Narration

Fascination  
Infatuation  
Adoration  
Anticipation  
Obsession  
Frustration  
Exploration  
Experimentation  
Vociferation  
Deformation  
Impregnation?  
Confirmation  
Litigation  
Solemnisation

Ian S. T. Macfadden



A NEW PIECE of furniture (above) from Rupert Oliver, a designer who seems to be going places. This acrylic chaise-longue has been chosen by Walter Collins, of Oscar Woodlens, 421/3 Finchley Road, London NW3 as the only piece of British furniture in his big 25th anniversary exhibition of international furniture beginning on October 14. It has also been chosen by Kipling for their

Comfort promotion starting on Wednesday. Walter Collins says of the chaise-longue that it is "a very imaginative and elegant way to use acrylic. It has a beautiful and flowing line, a sculptural quality that I like." It is a lovely piece of furniture designed by a designer who clearly has a great feeling for acrylics. The price is £110. Lucia van der Post

### Three white, three red

FOR THE SIXTH Instant Cellar I've departed from precedent and chosen a pair each of six wines from the 18th-century wine merchant, John Harvey—maybe best known for sherry, but listing fine wines, too. These six wines would enable you to have three dinner-party pairs (one white, one red), or you could have an all-white wine meal, or a delectable comparison of two quite different first-rate Beaujolais, or have a crisp, dry Mosel before a robust Rhône with an autumnal casserole.

The white wines are especially fine, the red wines the sort to interest any sincere wine-drinker. I've chosen them bearing in mind the contents of Instant Cellars of past months—and the future—and the comments I've received from readers. You could make this selection the basis for a wine-tasting party, with the accompanying notes I've written about them, as well as serving them with food. If you do, serve them in the order given here.

Instant Cellar No. 6 gives you: Two bottles of Oberemmer Schanzberg 1969, a wine from the Saar, tributary of the Mosel, fresh and crisp, good for an aperitif, or any time or first course drink. Two bottles of Sauvignon de St Bris 1970, Domaine W. Pinon, a wine from the Department of the Yonne. We had an Aligoté St Bris in the Instant Cellar No. 1—here's a chance to compare grapes. The wine is dry, fullish, very much all-purpose and it is French-bottled.

Two bottles of Sancerre 1970, P. Friem, a Loire wine, also from the Sauvignon grape and very fine indeed. It is French



bottled, and deliciously fragrant, full-flavoured and in the "dinner party" category for either a first course (with shellfish, including oysters or lobster), or a not-too-meaty main course such as boiled or even plainly roast chicken, or a crown roast (but no mint sauce).

Two bottles of Chiroubles 1970 and two bottles of Brionville 1970, both single district Beaujolais each of them representing their region to perfection. Good Beaujolais is a treat—and sometimes a rare one. But it can be a delight. Not for nothing is the motto of the Compagnons du Beaujolais "Vivons les tonnes!" (Empty the casks!). It should be a wine you quaff, and then want to quaff again. The Chiroubles is fresh, fruity; fairly light in character, at its best now.

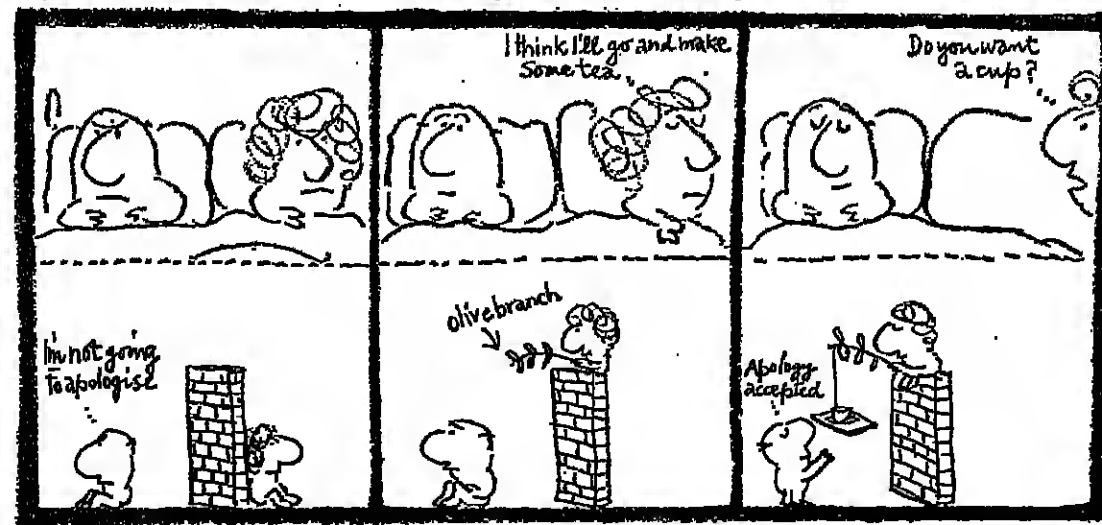
The Brionville is firmer, capable of getting even better, sturdy

enough to partner a game dish, whereas the Chiroubles is maybe at its best with grills or straightforward roasts. But either or the pair would make a party even just with bread and cheese—but allow generous amounts per head.

Two bottles of Domaine de Bel Air, 1968, Côte de Rhône. A good example of a Rhône wine from further south than the one in Instant Cellar No. 3—this comes from a single vineyard near Avignon. It is good now, especially with casseroles, game, or very spiced meats, but it will get better.

The Instant Cellar No. 6, delivered free with my own testing notes and instructions for serving the wines, costs £9.60, a saving of £1.42 if you went and bought the wines yourself.

To obtain Instant Cellar No. 6, send a remittance for £9.60 to: John Harvey & Sons Ltd., P.O. Box 55, Bristol. It is regretted that the merchant cannot enter into correspondence about the offer, nor can the wines be altered. The volume of orders may mean some delay in dispatch. Pamela Vandyke Price



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### How labels came unstuck

I CAN REMEMBER being six and squeezing into the attic of my uncle's house in order to drag out an old brown leather suitcase full of dressing-up clothes.

At the time the clothes interested me more than the case, but in recalling the scene I can remember that the suitcase was absolutely plastered with sticky luggage labels from almost everywhere.

There were P & O round ones, Cunard blue-edged oval ones and his square ones and the writing on them stated holdy for the world and his luggage porter to see that my aunt and uncle had, in their hey-day, visited the Majestic Hotel in Cannes, the Grand in Nice, plus a dozen others on the Continent. They had even visited Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo and the label from there was very romantic with a sepia pyramid and a palm tree, but sadly half the pyramid was obliterated by a label from somewhere in Brighton (my aunt and uncle ran out of money towards the end).

In the Thirties, when one half of the population was on the headline and marching from Jarro, a small percentage of the other half did the grand tour of Europe or the Atlantic run in the Berengaria (which had been captured from the Germans in the First World War). Travel, especially foreign travel, was the prerogative of the rich, so that a luggage label, firmly attached to a suitcase or trunk was as much a status symbol then as the Mini with smoked glass windows or the Jensen Interceptor that gets up to 85 in first is today.

As the crepe-de-chine gently jostled the black huckle beads at the cold buffet tables of the floating hotels, to a background of popping champagne corks and Henry Hall's hand, the well-labelled cabin trunks stoically helped maintain the status quo, as every label told a story of travel was the thing to do and where you'd been and how you'd travelled provided a great arena for one-upmanship.

Perhaps, too, the use of labels in such quantity at a time when

travel was regarded as slightly more exciting and hazardous than it is now, indicated a desire to act as a sort of talisman in much the same way as c-paintings which were carefully drawn but placed one over other were intended not as works of art but as a magical offer to the gods to ensure good things.

Magic aside, the desire to lect and display the exotic del of the consumer soci diminishes as exclusivity dwine under the pressure of m consumption.

One thing is certain: progress in the shape of increased tra opportunities for everyone, nearly killed the sticky luggage label. "People get very annoyed if we stick a label on their luggage now," said a Cunard officer.

Half an hour spent at a luggage bay at London Airport reveals only three suitcases with labels on. All three cases were last (things don't stick to vinyl v well) but the one which bore most evidence of world tra belonged not to one of the rich but to a BOAC stewardess. All three suitcases had one label in common "Jamaica," which leads one to suppose that the country still has the best Publicity Department or the strongest glue.

So faced with the demise of sticky label what can the jet-hopper—who wouldn't be dead with one on his executive briefcase anyway—do now? Can, and does, tear the fangled tie-on label off bundles of his luggage, leaving well-studied carelessness the strings with which they were attached.

"We get lots like that," airport porter said. "They do for about you know."

"Have you," I asked him, "ever seen any label on a suitcase in all the years you've been here which sticks in your mind?"

"Yes," he replied. "It shows a hand pulling a lavatory chair and underneath it said in black letters 'Goodbye on world.'"

Judy Chisholm

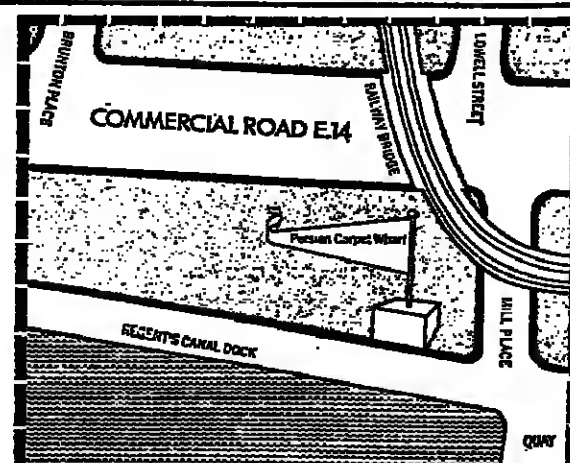


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**Did you know?**

Answer to Questions on next page

1. Wordsworth's "Ode. Intimations of Immortality."
2. A northern army under General Sherman in 1864, during the American Civil War.
3. One that imitates the style of a known author.

Caroline Lamb.  
S. Shean.  
S. A. Robin.  
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